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# THE MONTH

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JULY, 1884.

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others a man is freely permitted to marry his niece by blood.

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### Lord Carnarvon's Defence of Freemasonry.

LORD CARNARVON'S statesmanlike and respectful protest, on behalf of the English Freemasons, against the Encyclical of the Holy Father, calls for some reply. The studied moderation of his language, the tone of sincerity it breathes, the religious spirit which pervades it, entitle it to an equally courteous and respectful rejoinder. We have already laid down the general grounds on which Freemasonry, whether English or foreign, must be condemned without exception as antagonistic to the principles of Christianity. But Lord Carnarvon's speech requires that we should restate our case, and meet the charge of injustice which he brings against the Holy Father for imputing to Freemasons generally certain pernicious and anti-Christian doctrines which the Pro-Grand Master of the English Freemasons disclaims altogether in behalf of the English lodges.

Lord Carnarvon does not deny that the charges he seeks to rebut on the part of English Freemasons are true of many of their brethren in other countries. "I grieve to think," he says, "that there are some Masonic bodies which have laid themselves open to many of the charges which this Encyclical letter contains, but the English lodges do not deserve to be included in the sweeping censure. I fearlessly deny that there has been anything directly or indirectly, by word or deed, that can sully the fair fame either of this lodge, or any lodge under its rule." In defence of his proposition he appeals to the rules and constitutions, one and all breathing a spirit of religion and of obedience to the law; to the life and morals of the members of the lodge; to the protest against the deliberate erasion, by the French lodges, of the affirmation of the immortality of the soul and of the existence of God from their deeds and charters; and to the presence at the laying of the corner-stone of the new tower of Peterborough Cathedral of an Anglican Bishop, himself a Freemason, with a large number of clerical Freemasons

We quote his words as reported in the Freemason of June 7, 1884.
VOL. XXXII. JULY, 1884.

around him. We are not concerned with any except the first of these arguments in behalf of the virtuous and lofty character of English Freemasonry. Happily many men's lives are better than their opinions, and we have not a word to say against the morality or the virtue of English Freemasons. We honour them for their protest against the atheism of the French lodges; although we believe that in so doing they were acting against the fundamental principles of their craft. We do not wonder at the presence of Anglican dignitaries and clergymen in their Masonic character at the reconstruction of an Anglican Cathedral, since Anglicanism exists as a religion in virtue of its antagonism to Rome, and for this reason it naturally gives its countenance and support to a society whose principles are so fundamentally opposed to Rome as the Freemasons.

We confine ourselves therefore to his first argument, which represents the rules and constitutions of Freemasonry as breathing a spirit of religion and of obedience to the law. We assert on the contrary that Freemasonry, wherever it is found, is by its very principles opposed to religion and opposed to law. In proof of this we shall show—

r. That Freemasonry as a secret society is opposed to the law of nature, and is subversive of the principles on which society is founded.

2. That the solemn invocation of Almighty God in the Masonic oath is an unlawful act, forbidden to all professing to be Christians.

 That the penalties to which the Freemason when initiated offers himself in case of the violation of his oath are such as no man may deliberately invoke upon his own head without serious sin.

4. That the religion of Freemasonry is a religion incompatible with Christianity, and a distinct outrage and insult to Jesus Christ Himself.

5. That the Deity worshipped by Freemasons is not the true God at all, and that the Masonic worship is therefore a sacrilege, and the Masonic temples temples of a false religion.

The reader will observe that in proving these propositions I shall abstain from employing any arguments distinctively Catholic, because I desire, so far as I can, to answer Lord Carnarvon on his own grounds, and on principles which a Protestant, as well as a Catholic, would allow to be true.

I say that Freemasonry is a secret society, and is therefore

unlawful, and opposed to the laws on which the social order is founded. Now I do not mean by a secret society one whose members enter into a mutual engagement not to reveal to outsiders matters which affect its interests. Many such societies exist, and exist lawfully. One of the conditions imposed by most trade protection societies is, that the contents of the circulars sent round to subscribers should not be divulged to non-subscribers. This is necessary to the well-being of the association, and as long as the association has a legitimate aim and object, the imposition of this obligation of secrecy is perfectly legitimate.

But a secret society is something more than this. It is the association of a number of persons for some object which is not sanctioned by any civil or ecclesiastical authority, and the members of which bind themselves together by a secret oath. Now in an oath a man solemnly calls God to witness that the statement that he is making is true, or that the promise to which he is engaging himself shall be faithfully performed. This invocation of the holy Name of God cannot be made except on some solemn occasion, and where it is necessary for the public or private good that fidelity should be ensured under the most sacred sanctions. Even in such cases an oath cannot be lawfully administered by a private individual, except in so far as he in some way carries authority as one who is God's representative. It is lawful to administer an oath of allegiance to King or Constitution; it is lawful to exact of one who enters on a public office that he shall faithfully perform the duties of his office. It is lawful in some cases that a father should ask his son to swear a faithful performance of some solemn duty. It is lawful that he who gives evidence in civil and criminal cases should be required to swear that he will tell the truth. But in each case the person administering the oath acts as God's representative, and in some way or other carries with him the Divine authority.

But in a secret society the oath is not only a private oath privately administered, but the very obligation of secrecy implies that it has no sort of sanction from authority or from any one who has power to act as God's representative. When the new Mason is sworn, he takes an oath to a body which is unrecognized by any appointed rulers in Church and State. It is therefore administered to him by a person who in bidding him take the oath usurps the position of a representative of Almighty God. This renders the oath an unwarrantable

profanation of God's holy Name. When the new Mason is assured previously to taking it, that nothing will be required of him contrary to the tenets of his religion, his proper answer to the assurance would be, Why your very oath itself is unlawful. Who are you, to impose a secret oath upon me? The ecclesiastical government I know, the civil government I recognize, the authority founded on the natural law I do not refuse to obey, but who are you? Who has given you the right of swearing me? Has the Oueen delegated to you her authority? Has the House of Representatives invested you with the office of administering oaths in its name? Have the magistrates of the land commissioned you to lead me to the altar and make me invoke the sacred Name of the Most High? Whose authority do you bear, O self-appointed assumer of a right that belongs only to God and those who possess a delegated power from Him? Even if the aims and objects of your society are harmless, even if they are beneficent, this does not justify your oath. If you are an Anglican, your own Anglican formularies condemn you when they limit the lawfulness of oaths to the requirements of the civil power as represented by the magistrates of the land.2 Nay, you bring yourself directly and immediately under the ban, not of the Pope whom you do not acknowledge, nor of Jesus Christ, whom you studiously banish from your un-Christian assemblies, and exclude from your profane formularies of your worship, but of that Supreme Architect of the Universe whose authority you have not, at least in England, as yet discarded, for your oath is a direct and palpable violation of the command of the Decalogue, that "Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain."

This unlawfulness of the Masonic oath is but a consequence of the unlawfulness of Freemasonry itself. Freemasonry is a self-constituted authority, and consequently the enemy of the existing Government. For the establishment of any self-constituted authority in a community necessarily lessens the authority of the rightly-constituted powers. It turns the stream of obedience into a new channel, and if that channel is not recognized by civil or ecclesiastical government, both one and the other are weakened. If the sap of a tree is diverted into a new branch

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> "As we confess that vain and rash Swearing is forbidden Christian men by our Lord Jesus Christ, and *James* his Apostle, so we judge, that Christian Religion doth not prohibit, but that a man may swear when the Magistrate requireth, in a cause of faith and charity, so it be done according to the Prophet's teaching, in justice, judgement, and truth" (*39th Article of Religion*).

which contributes nothing to the strength of the parent stem, the whole of the tree thereby suffers from the change. Freemasons may boast of their loyalty to the State, but it very much resembles the loyalty of Irish Orangemen. They are loyal as long as they can use the State for their own purposes. As long as the objects of the craft are furthered by a figure head in lofty position, so long they will seek to glorify those who are the rulers of the nation. But if loyalty to the throne were to clash with loyalty to their Society, if the interests of their lodge were threatened by some Royal prerogative or by some act of the Government, then their devotion would be turned into hostility, their love into hatred, as quickly as the Protestant Orangeman becomes disloyal if the Government shows any justice to Catholic interests.

In the same way Freemasons boast of their charity, and point to the countless acts of kindness performed by them to each other, nay, the solid aid given to the Brethren and the wives and children of the Brethren in sickness and in poverty. But the Masonic charity is rather like the spurious article mentioned by St. Paul in his Letter to the Corinthians. Individual Masons may by their personal spirit of genuine charity do God service by their benevolence to their Brethren, but Masonic charity as such is not only of no account before God but is actually injurious to true charity. There is no real claim of charity established by the (to say the least) arbitrary bond which ties Freemasons together. There is no solid reason why I should help a Freemason any more than any other man who appeals to me for help. If I do so, I deprive, or am likely to deprive some one who, Freemasonry apart, would have a stronger claim on my charity. The stream of charity is diverted from its normal channel by the intervention of a new and arbitrary claim set up by some individual of whom I know nothing except that he has proved himself to be a member of one or other of the Freemason There is no legitimate reason why the mere fact of his having gone through a certain foolish ceremony and taken certain profane oaths, and paid a subscription to the Society of the Freemasons, should make it imperative for me to help him. If he were one of my relations, he would have a claim founded on the natural law. If he were one of my fellow-citizens or fellow-countrymen, our common city or country would be a good reason for assisting him. If we had been schoolmates or fellow-students, if we had played in the same eleven or rowed in the same boat, that would be a natural link uniting us. But

the mere fact of our both having been admitted into a Society which has no bond recognized by authority binding its members together, is no sufficient cause why I should give my money to him instead of to some more deserving person who would otherwise have received it. If the stories are true which are adduced in evidence of the practical utility of being a Mason, the moral they teach is not favourable to the craft. When we hear, for instance, of a traveller who had fallen among thieves, obtaining a free ransom from the chief of the banditti by means of the secret "pass," and of a soldier spared by his victorious enemy because he happened to be a Mason, we are inclined to answer that the fact may have been very serviceable to the persons who had the good luck thus to escape, but that it is no evidence whatever in favour of the craft. It is no argument in favour of an artificial and non-natural link, that its existence may in some cases obtain some signal benefit to those linked together in its unwarranted and unwarrantable bond of union. It is no justification of Freemasonry that a Mason's life has been spared because he is a Mason, any more than the black flag at the masthead would be justified by the fact that ships have sometimes been spared by other pirates on account of their carrying this mark of their association in the unlawful trade of piracy.

2. It is on account of the absence of all authority in the Masonic oath that it labours under a further disadvantage which again would of itself condemn it. It is because it proceeds from no lawful or recognized power, civil or ecclesiastical, that it is an unconditional oath. When an oath is administered to me by any one who occupies an official position in Church, or State, or human society, and therefore acts as God's delegate or representative, the oath he administers carries with it implicitly the condition that nothing sinful shall be required of the person sworn. The moment that anything is asked of me, in virtue of my oath, which my conscience regards as contrary to my duty to God, my oath at once ceases to bind. I must of course be careful against the danger of persuading myself that something which I dislike is sinful, and that therefore the oath which enforces it is invalid, when it is really my judgment which is warped by my aversion to doing it. It is at my own risk that I throw over the obligation of the oath. But when I am sincerely convinced that the command laid upon me is sinful, then I am not only justified in neglecting the oath I have taken, but I am bound to do so under pain of sin, or, to speak more

correctly, the oath vanishes as soon as such a case occurs, because it was in the first instance accompanied by the implicit condition of its requirements being lawful. He who administered it administered it with this condition, which was implied in and followed from the fact of his being the delegate of a higher power. If a lieutenant administers to a private soldier an oath to obey all the officers of his regiment, and then bids him in virtue of that oath do something entailing disloyalty to the colonel of the regiment, the oath of obedience ceases at once as regards the subordinate officer. There was originally implied in it the condition that the obedience to the subordinate officer was subservient to and dependent upon the soldier's duty to the higher officers. The lieutenant was the delegate of the colonel, and acted in his name, and forfeits his right to command as soon as he acts in his own name and opposes the colonel's authority. Just so in every oath administered by magistrates or other representatives of God's authority. It has always this implied condition, and without such condition no oath would be lawful

But in the Masonic oath there is not and cannot be any such implied condition, for the simple reason that the Grand Master of the Freemasons and all his subordinate officers are in no sense God's representatives. The Masonic oath is therefore unlawful because it is of its own nature unconditional. There is a curious confirmation of the unconditional nature of the oath in the assurance given to every English Freemason before he is initiated that nothing will be required of him at variance with his loyalty to the Crown, his duty as a good citizen, or the tenets of whatever religion he professes. This is a clumsy attempt to get rid of the difficulty and satisfy the conscience of the new Mason. The Masonic Society knows that in its oath there is not implied the condition which renders all other oaths lawful, and so for the implied condition it substitutes a declaration which does not at all fulfil the same purpose. But an unconditional oath is not made conditional by the comforting assurance preceding it. It is none the less a leap in the dark. If I bind myself to work at a certain trade with the implied condition that I may give it up as soon as I find I am losing money by it, this is a very different thing from being first assured that it will be very profitable, and then binding myself unconditionally. The first is not a rash venture, the second necessarily is. If I neglect the conditional oath on the nonfulfilment of the condition, I do not in any way break the oath. If I neglect the unconditional oath, I violate the oath, whatever the circumstances may be which lead to its violation.

3. But there is a further circumstance attaching to the Masonic oath which brands it with immorality, and which is also the consequence of its unconditional character and the usurped authority of those who impose it. Conscious or half-conscious that it has no binding force of its own founded on the law of God, that Heaven provides no sanctions for it, and Hell no punishment for those who afterwards repudiate it, it heaps up temporal sanctions and threatens temporal punishments sufficient to make the stoutest heart quail if he believes that his Fellow-Masons will be so wicked as to enforce them. Even if he does not himself fear the penalties he invokes on his own head, yet he ought to know that it is unlawful to express, in case of violation of the secret, a willingness to be the victim of a sentence, the infliction of which would be an atrocious and horrible crime on the part of those who should execute it. I can scarcely imagine any Christian man first of all solemnly invoking the sacred Name of God to bear witness to his fidelity to the promise of secrecy, in a matter of which he knows nothing, and then going on to offer himself to the most frightful mutilation and murder in case he afterwards violates his oath.3 I can scarcely understand how any man who recognizes the law of God as binding

<sup>3</sup> The following is the oath taken by the Apprentice at his initiation. I can vouch for its substantial but not for its verbal accuracy. "I swear in the Name of the Supreme Architect of all worlds, never to reveal the secrets, the signs, the grips, the passwords, the doctrines, or the customs of the Freemasons; and to preserve with respect to them an eternal silence. I promise and swear to God never to betray any of them either by writing, by word, or gesture; never to cause them to be written, lithographed, or printed; never to make public anything of that which has now been confided to me or of that which shall be confided to me in the future. I pledge myself to this and submit myself to the following penalties if I fail in keeping my word. They may burn my lips with a red hot iron, they may cut off my hand, they may pluck out my tongue, they may cut my throat, they may hang up my dead body in a lodge during the admission of a new Brother, as a scourge for my faithlessness and as a terrible warning to others. Then they may burn it and cast its ashes to the winds, to the end that there may not remain a single trace of the memory of my treason. So help me God. Amen." In the admission to the degree of a Fellow-craft there is a similar oath in which the initiated offers himself to have his heart torn out, and in the admission to the degree of Master Mason the pleasant alternative accepted in case of the violation of the oath is the tearing out the entrails of the faithless Mason. In the higher degrees the further penalties are proposed of having the veins opened and being left to bleed to death, exposed to the burning sun or the piercing cold, of having the eyes burned out with a red hot iron and the body left to be torn by vultures, &c. There is some variation, however, in the oaths imposed in different lodges, but in substance they are much the same everywhere.

can be an accomplice, by his own consent, to endure to such an awful crime as is contemplated by the formula of the Masonic oath. I suppose that English Masons would answer with a smile that it is a mere form, and that there is no corresponding intention, in the minds of the honest men who are present at the ceremony, of carrying out the awful threats, even if the oath be violated a hundred times. It may be so: I daresay it is so, but this only transforms the crime of intended murder into the crime of reckless profanity. God's holy Name may not be tossed about at random in the childish mockery of a pretended crime. The Name of the Omnipotent may not be invoked over the mumbo jumbo nonsense of a formula which is intended only to frighten the newly initiated Mason, and which really means nothing at all. I offer Lord Carnaryon and his fellow-Masons their choice. their formularies mean anything, they are criminals whom the laws ought promptly to suppress; if they are a sort of harmless joke, they are guilty of a profane mockery of God's sacred Name.

As a matter of fact, the Masonic oath is generally taken in the same careless and perfunctory manner as the oaths formerly required of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates at their matriculation, or as many professional and legal oaths are taken at the present time. The applicant for admission into the Masonic body is often frightened beforehand by the mysterious hints of his inventive friends as to the awful nature of the ordeal through which he has to pass. He finds himself, when the hour for the initiation arrives, surrounded by the mysterious emblems of the craft, and is bewildered by the imposing ceremonies of initiation. In the excitement of the moment the nature of the oath passes unnoticed, or, if a passing qualm of conscience troubles him, he knows that it is too late to draw back. first oath taken, the rest follow as a matter of course. C'est le premier pas qui coîte. Even if after a time the Mason realizes the childish tomfoolery of the ritual and the silly imposture underlying the magniloquent talk in which Freemasons indulge about their craft, he becomes at the same time aware that there is somehow a real force binding down the minds of men in the unlawful oath and barbarous penalties hanging over him who violates it. Even if he recognizes the invalidity of such an oath, and laughs at the empty threats accompanying it, still he regards it as his duty as a man of honour not to reveal the secrets entrusted to him. He finds, too, that Freemasonry will prove

useful to him in many practical ways; in his profession, or in his business, in advancing himself in general society. It brings him into contact with men with whom he would not otherwise claim acquaintance. It gives him opportunities of social enjoyment which he would not otherwise have possessed. All this gives to the union of Freemasons far more reality, strength, and stability than would be ensured merely by the intrinsic nature of the bond that unites them. Self-interest, that motive all powerful with the majority of men, prevents the Mason from relinquishing his craft.

4. But I have not yet come to the gravest of my charges against English Freemasonry. There is a central vice belonging to it far more pernicious than the secret oath, far more insulting to Almighty God than the barbarous penalties which, with mock solemnity, its members invoke upon their heads in the case of the violation of their oath. There is an element in the religion of English Freemasonry which is a greater outrage on the God of heaven and earth than any misuse of His sacred Name in their unauthorized ritual. It is, moreover, strange to say, the characteristic of Freemasonry on which English Freemasons specially pride themselves and regard as a noble and ennobling conception. For it is the boast of English Freemasonry that it unites in one common worship all who believe in the Supreme Architect of the Universe, that it presents the spectacle of men, divided in a thousand points of doctrine, setting aside their religious differences and worshipping in union that God whom, under various aspects and under circumstances most widely different, they one and all adore. The theory sounds a plausible one. In these days of atheism is it not best, they say, that all theists should unite together to save at least natural religion and the natural law? that those who differ even in important beliefs should meet together and worship in common on the basis of those central doctrines on which they all agree? Is not this a truly Catholic idea? In our temples we worship the God and Father of all, the Lord of heaven and earth, the Supreme Architect of the Universe, the Author of future rewards for the just and punishment for the wicked. Is not this enough to vindicate English Freemasonry from the charges of impiety and anarchy and vice with which the Pope so liberally assails us?

My readers will remember how, in the time of the Roman Empire, a proposal was made by Trajan to introduce Jesus Christ among the deities of the Capitol. Already there were

assembled there the deities of every nation under the sun. Jupiter and Osiris, Zeus, and the Teutonic gods stood side by side, not, be it remembered, as rival claimants for the supremacy of Heaven, but as the various aspects under which the Supreme Being was variously worshipped. Those who gathered together to worship them united, for the most part, in the common conception of one Ruler of heaven and earth, and when it was proposed to add Christ to the number as the Christian God, it was because the Romans knew that to Him Christians paid supreme honour as God. It is unnecessary to say that the idea was one revolting to Christian sentiment. The Christian God is necessarily, by the very fact of His being the Christian God, an exclusive Divinity. He not only brooks no rivals, but all who worship Him in spirit and in truth must abjure and detest any other god save the Christian God. It was not merely that the conceptions of the Supreme Being involved in the heathen deities were imperfect or revolting ones. It was not that the worshippers were idolaters: for among those who offered their prayers to the deity of their own conception there were, doubtless, some who were worshipping the true God of heaven and earth with a faithful and true heart. The real reason why the idea was one which the Christian instinctively rejected with loathing and hatred, was that he, to whom has been made known the revelation of God in the Incarnate Word, is thereby cut off, by his loyalty to the Saviour of mankind, from any sort of common worship with those who, culpably or inculpably, do not recognize Jesus Christ as the Consubstantial Son of the Eternal Father. If he unites in one single prayer which is not, and from the circumstances of the case cannot be, offered in the Name and for the sake of Christ our Lord, he is a traitor, rebel, apostate, enemy of Jesus Christ, and consequently an enemy of the sole Ruler and Lord of heaven and earth.

I have already urged this point in my former article, but it is so important that the reader will forgive me for insisting on it again. If there is anything plainly writ down in the recorded sayings of Christ and His Apostles, it is that not to confess Christ is to deny Him, not to acknowledge Him is to reject Him. To offer a single petition to God which purposely omits and cannot but omit the sacred Name of the Mediator between God and man, renders that petition displeasing to God, offensive to His Divine Majesty, loathsome and disgusting in His sight. It is a virtual disavowal of Him on whom all our hopes depend.

It is an outrage on Him who sits at the right hand of His Father, ever making intercession for us. It is an act of religious worship which of malice prepense sets at nought the Apostle's command: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus." If we do not offer our prayers in His Name, what room is left for Him elsewhere in our life? If we do not confess Him when we kneel in supplication to His Eternal Father, when are we to confess Him? 'If we unite with Jews and Mahometans and Deists when we come before the footstool of God, thrusting Jesus Christ out of sight, compelled to say nothing about Him in whom the Christian should live and move and have his being, what are we except cowards and renegades, nay, deserters to the enemy, who have no part or lot in Him, whose sovereignty we disown, whose mediation we practically contemn, whose very Name we refuse to mention?

My accusation, then, against English Freemasonry is that it is essentially an anti-Christian sect veiled under a flimsy covering of deism. It vaunts its loyalty to God, and so seeks to cover its disloyalty to Jesus Christ. It joins in common worship with those who blaspheme our God and our Lord as a vile impostor, who are as ready as their ancestors were to reject and crucify Him, as well as with those who only lack the opportunity to put to the sword every Christian dog on the face of the earth. No wonder, then, that His Vicar on earth denounces Freemasonry, English as well as foreign, as a "grave and widespread evil," a "foul plague," "in which is revived the rebellious spirit of the demon." With him should join not only every Catholic, but every one who calls himself a Christian. Every one who professes to love our Lord Jesus Christ must, if he be consistent, if his Christianity is not a mere empty name, re-echo the words of the Apostle which lie at the root of the Pope's denunciation of Freemasonry: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema." Accursed be every one who takes part with those who reject Him. Accursed be every one who lifts up his unholy hands in a Christless prayer.

5. My final charge against Freemasonry is that it not only rejects Jesus Christ, but that it does not worship the true God at all. This follows from what I have already said, but I think I may put it in another shape, which will make my conclusion clearer. St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews lays down two conditions without which no man on the face of the earth can save his soul. He must believe that God is, and that He is the

rewarder of those who faithfully seek Him and obey Him. minimum requisite for the pagan or Mahometan is a belief in God's existence, and in supernatural rewards and punishments. This minimum, however, ceases to be sufficient as soon as there dawns upon men the supernatural light of Revelation. When once a man has come into contact with God as He has revealed Himself to men, he must either accept or reject Him. If he accepts he steps into a higher sphere; if he rejects the God of Revelation, he rejects God altogether. If the light shines upon him, and instead of rejoicing in it, he slinks away into the congenial darkness, he loses sight of God. The dim vision which he possessed before, and which was sufficient to guide his steps as long as he had nothing but the light of nature to guide him, has through his own fault faded away. He has rejected the clearer vision which was to supply its place, and he is now left without any knowledge of God capable of animating his life. He is like a man who, turning away from the bright setting sun and gazing into the dim twilight, finds that the light from which he has turned away has rendered him incapable of seeing things clearly any longer.

In the same way a man who has accepted the God of Christian Revelation cannot, in his public or private worship, fall back on the God of Nature. He cannot strip his God of the attributes revealed by Christianity. He cannot desert the higher sphere into which he has been raised, and pay homage to a God who possesses only the attributes of the God of the lower sphere in which his intellectual powers were formerly versed. attempts it, such a God is to him no longer the true God. the Christian, God without Christ is not God at all. Christianity has become an essential part of his conception of God. He cannot get rid of it and worship God apart from Christ. In doing so he not only ceases to be a Christian, but he is not even a Theist. This new God, who is the common property of Christian, Mahometan, and Jew, is a God dishonoured. He is robbed of His Divine Attributes. He is no longer, in so far as He is the object of this common worship, the Triune God. He is no longer the God who manifested Himself to men in that the second Person of the Blessed Trinity took flesh and dwelt amongst us. He is no longer the God of the Old and New Testament. He is no longer the God who has founded upon earth a kingdom which shall endure unto the end of the world. He is no longer the God whose Holy Spirit was sent from Heaven to kindle the

hearts of men with the fire of His love, and their intellects with Divine Wisdom. He is a truncated Deity, a God outside of the Christian conception of God—a God possible to the heathen who have only the light of nature to guide them, but whom no Christian can worship without an act of apostacy, without the guilt of conscious or unconscious treachery towards Him whom

he professes to adore.

I think I am justified in the conclusion that Masonic worship is a sacrilege, and the Masonic temples the temples of a false religion. For if the very foundations of the Masonic Society are rotten, if the secret oath which binds together the members of that unhappy sect is unlawful in itself, subversive of the social order, and a profanation of the holy Name of God, we cannot wonder that the superstructure corresponds to the foundations and exhibits in practice that contempt for Christianity, that enmity to the Catholic Church, that dislike of all dogmatic religion which characterizes the system even in England. I go a step further, and say with equal confidence that there is no cause for wonder if in the more logical and consistent minds of continental Masons it exhibits that hatred of all law and order, that destruction of civil society, that anti-Christian socialism, nay that undisguised atheism against which Lord Carnarvon and the English lodges raised a few years back their creditable but inconsistent disclaimer. Once more they come forward now and proclaim themselves loyal, God-fearing men, and protest loudly against being included in the charges brought by the Holy Father against Freemasonry in general. I have no doubt that they do so in all honesty. I am confident that they firmly believe that they are guiltless of the charges brought against their sect, and personally I allow their innocence. But if they are innocent, it is only with the innocence of self-deceit. If they disclaim on behalf of their sect, the disloyalty, the unlawfulness, the anti-Christian and Godless character which distinguish it all over the world, it is only because they do not recognize its true nature or the logical consequences of its teaching.

Let me conclude by setting before them a parable. There is said to be some subtle poison so slow in its power to destroy that it is only after an interval of some days that it outwardly discovers any of its ill effects in him who has partaken of it, and only when weeks have passed away does it complete its work of destruction and bring about his death. A skilled physician writes a treatise describing the fatal effects resulting to those who swallow this

poison. He depicts the pitiable condition of its victims, the symptoms of its effects on them, the deadly cramp which seizes on their limbs, the burning pain which consumes them, the agony which supervenes, the death which is its inevitable result. As soon as the treatise is published, one of those who has swallowed the poison, but in whose sluggish veins it has not yet taken effect, comes forward to protest against the nonsense talked by the physician. He exhibits his apparently healthy body, his well-set muscles, the regularity of his pulse, his power to endure fatigue, and laughs scornfully at the very idea of the malady which is to come upon him. He points to those who are in the last stages of the disease which it induces; he speaks with pity of their sufferings and deplores their agony, but eagerly disclaims all fellowship with them, and contrasts his own sound condition with their unhappy and dying state. What will the physician answer? He will tell him that he has swallowed the same poison, and that the same results will in time follow: that though now his strong constitution may show no sign of the corroding venom within him, yet that it will not be very long ere in him too there will supervene the further development and final consummation of that process of death which he laments in the poor dying wretches around him. In other words, Freemasonry in England will bring about, is bringing about even now, lawlessness, naturalism, atheism, Godless education, corrupt morality, disregard of the sanctity of marriage, sedition, revolution, socialism, communism.

The United Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, with their Pro-Grand Master at their head, may receive the Holy Father's warning with laughter and contempt. They may express in a formal resolution their astonishment and regret that English Freemasons should, by some strange misapprehension of facts, be included in his sweeping charges. But if they will look their own principles in the face, they will see that underlying English Freemasonry are the same principles which have produced such lamentable consequences abroad, and that from the same premisses the same conclusions must in the

end infallibly proceed.

#### Notes on the Soudan.

THE following details respecting the Soudan were picked up in a recent conversation with a traveller of weight and distinction, whose intimate relations with the Catholic missions of the Soudan have afforded him exceptional opportunities of gleaning information about the situation of affairs there. They will perhaps not be altogether uninteresting to the readers of THE MONTH. Their accuracy may be relied on in so far that they possess at least the merit, rare indeed in Egypt, of having been communicated with perfect sincerity and truthfulness by a person whose knowledge of the facts was undoubted.

When General Hicks set out from Khartoum on his disastrous expedition to El-Obeid, he took with him as hostages a certain number of leading natives, and in the number one Abd-el-Rahman-Bey, a wealthy slave-dealer. This scoundrel, as after events proved him to be, was all along in secret communication with the Mahdi. He contrived to win the confidence of the English General to such an extent that the latter deferred to his advice, and in particular went by his direction as to the line of march to be followed. Abd-el-Rahman guided the army by the right road as far as the wood of Gasgatt, two or three days' journey from El-Obeid. But he was in the habit of stealing out of the camp, under the cover of the night, to hold converse with the Mahdi's spies. The army had supplies of water sufficient to last it till it reached Gasgatt, where, on emerging from the wood, it would come upon a Birket or pond. To reach this sheet of water the safest and surest way was by turning the wood, a march of about nine hours' duration. Abd-el-Rahman was for marching straight through the wood, which would take only three or four hours, and having gained Allah-Edim Pasha over to his side, succeeded at last in persuading Hicks Pasha also to follow his treacherous counsels. The army accordingly advanced, and having penetrated into the thick of the wood, encamped for the night in a clear, open space in its very

centre, but only to awake on the following morning and find itself surrounded on all sides by the enemy. Scouts were immediately sent out in every direction; but they none of them returned, they were all killed, and each successive attempt to force a way out was repelled with loss. The enemy hidden in the thicket picked off his victims at his leisure with comparative impunity, and even succeeded in piercing a very large proportion of the skins containing the luckless army's supplies of water. This terrible death-agony of an army lasted three whole days, those who escaped the lance and the bullet surviving only to die of thirst. When all was over, General Hicks was found stretched on the ground, his naked sword in one hand and a revolver in the other.

It is said that the enemy, scared by the very completeness of his success and fearing an ambush, approached the dead bodies only with extreme precaution, and that the Mahdi himself shed tears on beholding the corpse of Allah-Edim Pasha and the dangerous wound his friend Abd-el-Rahman Bey had received in the eye. An immense quantity of arms and stores fell into the hands of the Mahdi. Only one man is known for certain to have survived the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army, a Prussian of the name of Clotz, who went over to the Mahdi two or three days before the disaster, and who is to-day in command of the rebel artillery. These details have been furnished by a man of intelligence, who, having been educated in Europe, was long connected with the Catholic missions at El-Obeid, whither he is just returned to carry succour to the imprisoned missionaries.

The Mahdi is not naturally a cruel man, but he declares that his subjects must be all Mussulmans, and that he will not tolerate a Christian within the limits of his Empire. Those Christians who have been able to effect their escape from El-Obeid are even yet all agape and wear a dazed look when spoken to about Of this number is a young Copt from the their flight. Mouridieh of El-Obeid. His escape is remarkable chiefly for the ingenious manner in which it was contrived. The young man's mother had sent a large sum of money to a slave-dealer as a bribe to the latter to bring her son home to her. The slave-dealer, accordingly, having shut his youthful friend up in a coffin, hired a number of religious sheiks and mourners of the female gender to attend the funeral procession. Then, as it was getting late when the cemetery was reached, he dexterously dismissed the attendants, and, accompanied by only two trusty

bearers, went off afterwards under the cover of darkness with the deceased, who, it is needless to say, was speedily resuscitated and is now to be seen in the flesh walking the streets of Cairo.

Many of the Christians, on the other hand, who were unable to escape, have since turned Mussulmans. In the case of the schismatics, being for the most part men who speedily make up their consciences at a crisis of this kind, there was no manner of hesitation. A priest belonging to the Coptic schism remarked in all seriousness when speaking lately of one of these apostates, that "there was no need to fear for him, because I am quite certain," the worthy man went on to say, "that at heart he is as good a Christian as ever." So far the Mahdi has spared the lives of the religious women and missionary priests who have fallen into his clutches in conformity with a direction of the Koran: "Thy prisoners thou shalt kill, or thou shalt wait for the end to see which plan suits thee the best." At first he allowed them four francs a day, a sum which was first reduced to two francs and then to one until some three or four months ago, they were in receipt of only one piastre or twenty-five centimes a day. They have contrived on three occasions to send letters, written in pencil on pieces of linen, to their bishop during his stay at a place called Chellah. "Fresh alarms," they say, in words of touching simplicity, "terrors constantly renewed make our blood curdle in our veins. Happy they who died in the beginning of our captivity. . . . Hitherto God has preserved us; but what will happen to-morrow, who shall say?" Although the prisoners are not kept perpetually in sight by their keepers, they cannot stray from the wretched hovels in which they are confined without risk to their lives.

Two of the Mahdi's lieutenants, a pair of tigers in human shape, one of whom rejoices in the name of Abd-Allah-el-Tuaki, are never weary of heaping indignity and ill-usage on the poor Sisters and missionaries. Personally, the Mahdi has no desire to cause them suffering. A rumour is nevertheless current at Korosko that he has within the last month ordered several executions at El-Obeid, and it is feared that the missionary priests and the Sisters may have fallen victims to his cruelty. The chasubles and other sacred vestments taken from Catholic chapels are made to serve for saddle-cloths, and the Mahdi uses the chalices and ciboriums for drinking cups, as Belshazzar of old sacrilegiously used the sacred vessels of Jehovah.

At Khartoum there are at the present moment no more than

from fifteen to twenty Christians left, amongst whom the most remarkable are—Gordon Pasha, Colonel Stewart, Herr Hansal, the Austrian Consul, M. Herbin, Consular Agent for France, the Greek Consul, an Austrian family of the name of Klein, and Brother Dominico Polinari, who has devotedly stayed behind to keep guard over the missionary establishment. He rings the chapel bell every Sunday, as if for Mass, when three or four Catholics meet to say the Rosary with him.

The personal influence of the Mahdi is perhaps not so great as it is generally supposed to be. He has on more than one occasion found himself under the necessity of fighting the very men who but a little while before he had considered his staunchest allies, and has even sometimes come second-best off out of the encounter. Once he went so far as to put to the sword two of his chief lieutenants, of whose authority he had grown jealous. But if the personal influence of the Mahdi is inconsiderable, the religious movement, of which he is the chief representative, is immense, and exercises a power which England has been slow to realize and to understand.

The English expedition to Suakin, so far from arresting, has even increased the prevailing fanaticism. The Arab does not count his killed. In the present instance all that he knows is that the English came to Suakin with their big ships, their guns, and a numerous army, that they twice over advanced a few miles on the road to Berber with a long train of camels, and that after fighting a couple of battles, in which they suffered no slight loss, with the lieutenant of the Mahdi, they hurried back to their ships and sailed away again.

The indecisive and shifting policy, the numberless mistakes and blunders of the English Government in the affairs of the Soudan are unintelligible, if it is not borne in mind that English officials are here isolated in a country of whose language they have but a very imperfect knowledge, and are engaged, amidst great and general unpopularity, in an attempt to carry on the government in their own way, after having excluded from any share in the administration all the most experienced and capable men belonging to nationalities other than their own.

Found fault with in England, cheated in Egypt, criticized all the world over, they appear to have lost the traditional cool-headedness of their countrymen. It is Egypt in the meantime which has to pay the penalty of all this bungling.

Here is one out of a thousand instances of the kind which might be cited. Only a few months since a body of one thousand Bedouins was raised in the neighbourhood of the Esneh for the purpose of keeping the road open between Khartoum and Korosko. The command of the corps was confided to Mahmoud Bey, son of Hussein Pasha Kalifa, formerly Governor of Berber, and a man of influence. They were all given three months' pay The Bedouins started off first, Mahmoud Bey having arranged to join them at Berber. But before he had reached Korosko he suddenly received an order from Cairo to return home; and General Gordon, when he learnt the arrival of the Bedouins at Berber, sent them word to go back to their respective tribes, telling them that he had no need of their services. The English authorities have quite recently applied to Hussein Pasha, asking him to raise his body of Bedouins once again with a view to reopening communications between Khartoum and Berber; but they have received for answer that their application comes a day after the fair, the thing being now no longer possible.

The Hussein Pasha just named is a personage of some note. The son of the Chief of the Abbadés, a powerful tribe inhabiting the country north of Suakin between the Nile and the Red Sea, he has forty sons and daughters, to say nothing of his children under three years of age, who have not as yet left the harem, or, as we should say, the nursery. Whilst Governor of Berber he committed some fault, for which he was banished to Edfar. When it became necessary for the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities to withdraw their negroes and missionaries from Khartoum, they were told that he was the only man rich and powerful enough to supply the fugitives with the hundred and odd camels required for their conveyance to Berber. A request to that effect, backed by several of the consuls, was therefore addressed to Hussein by the Vicar-Apostolic of the district. Hussein lost no time in furnishing the required number of camels and the necessary provisions to the day and the hour named. His promptitude and energy on this occasion directed the attention of the authorities to the disgraced but still powerful Pasha, who was in consequence soon after appointed Governor of Dongola.

The populations living on the banks of the Nile between Assouan and Korosko are composed of a very different class of beings from the poor fellahs of Upper Egypt. Their code of morality, for example, is so extremely stern that a woman taken in sin is infallibly put to death and her corpse buried beneath the waters of the Nile. Whenever any quarrel arises amongst them, the chief of the village calls together all the able-bodied men of the locality, who deliver judgment, from which there is no appeal, and which often takes the shape of a fine in money or of a sheep to be shared amongst the members of the jury. A Nasher, or government inspector, makes the round of the villages to keep order and see to the payment of the taxes. The chief occupation of the woman is to grind corn between two revolving stones. When not so occupied, they spend their time in endless squabbles with one another. The men appear to be of a quieter and more peaceable disposition.

### Water Supply.

THERE can be no doubt that some change will before long be made in the conditions of London water supply, and the subject indeed seems likely to be one of the first which a new government of London, should it be organized, would have to deal with. The present mode of supply by companies, who practically do not compete with each other, has the disadvantage of being a monopoly in private hands, and therefore very much more unfavourable to the public interest than a monopoly held in the hands of a municipal corporation, which would be more amenable to public opinion, and would be composed of representatives elected by tax-payers. The charges of the water companies seem, from the periodical newspaper wail of the over-burdened householder, to be considered to involve such a numerous class of grievances, that a new municipal body too would probably be anxious to inaugurate their reign by a measure which might make it popular with a very large class of citizens.

The unequal incidence of charges for water is of course only to be mitigated by a change in the system of supply, and the adoption of new appliances at an immense outlay which companies whose days are numbered, are not likely to undertake, even with ample means at their disposal, for the result would be to lessen their revenue. The same considerations weigh, no doubt, though scarcely to the same extent, with municipal councils. But new brooms are apt to start their career with a clean sweep; and with a strong expression of the public feeling London might perhaps receive the boon of a water reform from her new councillors.

It is well then that public attention should be kept awake on the matter. The public wants its water cheaper, and it is becoming more and more alive to the necessity of having it good. The recent progress that has been made in the investigation of disease germs by Pasteur, Koch, Burdon Sanderson, Cuninghame, and many others, is beginning to open the minds even of the obtuse on the importance of the part water plays in our existence. In any arrangements for urban water supply on an extensive scale, the immense acquisition of chemical and microscopical knowledge which has signalized recent years should be applied, and compliance with the conditions which science points out as requisite should be considered even before expense.

We think then it may not be amiss to put before our readers a few of the principal ascertained facts bearing upon water supply.

Water is an indispensable agent in every kind of sanitary improvement. Nay, we will even venture further and assert that the abundant domestic and personal use of water is a means, as it is an indication and concomitant, of increased civilization and refinement. That the importance of water supply has been growing in the eyes of Parliament and of the public is evident from the fact that between the years 1847 and 1871 there have been enacted by the legislature of this country no fewer than five hundred and thirty-three Acts concerning the water supply. Of this number three hundred and ten were obtained by companies, and two hundred and nine by local authorities, and fourteen were general regulating Acts.

Mr. Perry, to whose Manual we are indebted for many of the statistics which we shall use in the present paper, is of opinion that there has been quite enough legislation upon the subject. and that what is now chiefly requisite, with regard to the use of water, is to put into application the knowledge and the rules and principles which science and experience have furnished. Times have vastly changed since water used to be sold forty years ago in many towns at one penny or halfpenny per bucket. Now most houses are supplied by pipes at fixed rates, the maximum of which is decided by the legislature. And recently by the Public Health (Water) Act, 1878, it is incumbent upon every rural sanitary authority not only to see that every occupied dwelling within its district has, within a reasonable distance, a sufficient supply of wholesome water, but also that no house newly built shall be occupied without there being an adequate supply of wholesome water. In 1874 the Rivers Pollution Commissioners issued a report upon the domestic water supply of Great Britain, in which they say (1) that the greater part of the large towns except London have an abundant supply

of good water, but that (2) in many towns and villages the contrary is the case, and (3) that immense numbers of the people are daily exposed to the risk of infection from typhoidal discharges, and periodically to that from cholera. As to the rural supply of water, they say that "the remaining twelve millions of country population derive their water almost exclusively from shallow wells, and these are, so far as our experience extends, almost always horribly polluted by sewage and animal matters." This last statement, however, Mr. Perry considers, exaggerates the reality. With regard, however, to the sanitary aspect of the question, we may appropriately quote the statement of Mr. Simon, the late medical officer to the Privy Council and Local Government Board. He believed it to be the common conviction of persons who had studied the subject, that "the deaths which we in each year register in this country are fully 125,000 more numerous than they would be if existing knowledge of the chief cause of diseases, as affecting masses of the population, were reasonably well applied."

With regard to the water supply of towns, the complete parliamentary returns recently published seem to show the advantage of the supply being under the control of the local authority rather than under the management of private companies, the former supplying a greater percentage of the population than the latter. Nearly all the principal towns are supplied with plenty of good water, and in most of them the supply is under the control of the local authorities. Liverpool and Manchester, which already possess large waterworks, have recently obtained powers from Parliament to enable them to construct further works of far greater extent than anything of the kind

previously existing in the country.

The appalling possibilities of water as a vehicle for the conveyance of the infectious germs of cholera, typhoid fever, and other epidemic diseases, which scientific investigators are every day demonstrating more clearly, and recently the discovery by Dr. Koch of the cholera bacillus in Indian tank water, should prompt the most careful supervision over the water supply of the population. But more than that; we cannot but reecho Mr. Perry's wish "to fix upon every individual a sense of personal responsibility in these matters [i.e., the abundance and purity of the water supply]. It is not enough to admit in a general way their importance to the moral and physical well-

being; there is something to be done probably under your own roof, certainly within the reach of your influence."

We entertain for chemistry, as for every other science, the greatest respect, but chemistry is, at least in its present stage, imperfect, and inadequate to solve many problems which science would fain resolve. We agree therefore entirely with Mr. Perry, that though chemical analysis is of the greatest value, it can scarcely be relied on alone to decide what water is salubrious for Thus "we are told by one school of drinking purposes. chemists that we may unhesitatingly drink water which is condemned by another school as being unfit for human consumption, and the conclusion seems inevitable that in the present unsettled and unsatisfactory state of knowledge on the subject, the guidance of chemical analysis cannot be unreservedly followed." It is much better frankly to recognize this than to place a blind reliance upon the assertions of dogmatic specialists. The Committee of the House of Lords which in 1878 had to consider a Bill for the water supply of Durham is evidently of this opinion, for although six eminent chemists spoke very favourably of the water to be supplied, the Committee refused to pass the Bill because the river from which the water was to be taken received higher up the drainage of several towns and villages containing altogether a population of about ninety Nevertheless one of the analysts employed had thousand. declared it "an exceedingly good water without the slightest trace of sewage contamination." It is remarkable also that the season of the year and other circumstances make a great difference in the analysis of water, especially that of streams. Professor Frankland analyzed the water of a stream at four different times. When the stream was very full it would have been condemned as impure, while when it was low and contained little water it would have been called very pure and free from organic matter. The diseases which are conveyed through water are, as is now pretty well ascertained, due to certain minute organisms-bacteria-and it is generally admitted that these elude the most searching chemical analysis, and the opinion of the 1869 Royal Commission on Water Supply is justified. Commission says: "Where a minute quantity of organic matter escapes destruction, it would seem that chemistry is not yet sufficiently advanced to pronounce authoritatively as to its exact quality and value, and with microscopic living organisms especially, chemistry is incompetent to deal, and other modes of

examination are needed." It is strange under these circumstances that the Commissioners did not resort to microscopical examination of different samples of water. Impure water often displays swarms of minute organisms under the microscope. Dr. Hassall has shown how useful the microscope may be in such cases in his report to the Committee appointed after the epidemic of 1854. From him we learn that the water supplied to London "still contains considerable numbers of living vegetable and animal productions."

Besides its purity from organic matter, another important quality of water that has to be considered in questions of supply is its degree of hardness. "The use of excessively hard water for domestic and manufacturing purposes is objectionable mainly for the waste that takes place in washing and culinary operations, and the injury to boilers and cooking utensils. As to the comparative economy of the two kinds of water, there is no doubt that the advantage is considerably on the side of soft water." It was estimated by a Chemical Commission upon the Water Supply of London in 1851 that, setting the use of soda aside, the use of soft water instead of the ordinary London water for washing linen would save about a third of the amount of soap at present necessary, and effect a still greater saving in labour. According to Mr. Bateman, a Scotch engineer, the introduction of soft water into Glasgow instead of hard, resulted in a saving of two shillings per head of the population, to say nothing of diminished wear and tear of clothes in Glasgow manufacturers, who use soap in large washing. quantities, estimated that their consumption was reduced onehalf by the change in the water supply. Practical experience supplies many considerations of this nature which will scarcely have occurred to those who have not specially studied the subject.

Much may be done towards purifying water by filtration, but perhaps not so much as it has lately been the fashion to believe. We are warned against the use of domestic filters now so much in vogue, unless these are carefully kept clean and renewed at proper intervals. The Rivers Pollution Commissioners reported with respect to one of the best house filters, that "myriads of minute worms were developed in the animal charcoal and passed out with the water when the filters were used for Thames water, and when the charcoal was not renewed at sufficiently short intervals. Filtration, however, is often indispensable, and so

long as the substance used (the best is animal charcoal, or spongy iron) is constantly renewed is very effective.

The cutting of the New River, which supplies such a large portion of London with water, was due to the private enterprise of Hugh Myddelton, in 1609, when the town council had not the energy and courage to carry out such an undertaking themselves.

The two principal systems of water distribution are the intermittent and the constant. The constant supply system combines the advantages of convenience to the consumer and superior economy. Constant supply is defined by the Waterworks Act as a supply "constantly furnished at such pressure as will make the water reach the top storey of the highest houses within certain limits." Intermittent service means that the water is generally turned into the distributing main pipes every day for a certain length of time; as the water thus supplied must be kept for use during the remainder of the twenty-four hours, it is very liable during this time to contract impurities, more especially in the dwellings of the poor. This system is moreover more liable to leakage, and also to contamination with sewage or foul gases; again, in case of a fire, water cannot be procured without delay. The intermittent system, too, requires a greater number of employés, thus adding considerably to the expense.

Except that the intermittent system seems more liable to leakage, the *reason* why more water is consumed under it than under the system of constant supply is not quite clear. That this however is actually the fact is amply demonstrated by statistics which have been collected. It has been ascertained that "the consumption per hour, in any district or town increases as the total number of hours' supply per day decreases; and the inconvenience and danger to which consumers are exposed increase and decrease in precisely the same order and proportion."

A few examples of the various amounts of consumption of water per head under each system in different towns, which we extract from Mr. Perry's tables, may interest our readers.

Thus, under the intermittent system in London the consumption of water per head is 32½ gallons per day; Birkenhead, 29½; Oxford, 50. While under the constant supply system, in Dublin, the consumption of water per head is 38 gallons per day; Edinburgh, 40; Leeds, 23; Manchester, 20; Sheffield, 18.

In America, in the United States, the consumption of water per head per diem is considerably higher than in the United Kingdom, varying from 138 gallons a day in Washington (1878), to 21 gallons a day in Providence (1877).

A few examples of the various amounts of water consumption per head among different classes of the urban population in

England may also probably not be without interest.

District of inferior houses occupied by labourers, 11½ gallons per head; small old houses, middle class, and numerous shops, 11¾; clerks, artisans, and small shopkeepers, 12; best class of town houses, 21; large suburban houses with gardens, 30 to

503/1.

In the matter of waste and leakage, the American towns seem by far the most extravagant. The amount of waste is chiefly ascertained by observing the outflow of water during the night especially between the hours of one and three a.m., when of course the loss of water is chiefly the result of leakage. In New York the engineer who designed the Croton Aqueduct estimated the requirements thirty years ago at 25 gallons per head, but the actual consumption is at present 75 gallons per head per day, of which the greater part, as has been ascertained, is waste, and the aqueduct cannot convey sufficient water, so that while new plans for supply are being considered, measures for suppressing the waste are also receiving attention. Several of the English Water Acts contain provisions for guarding against waste. Thus by the Act of 1847 a penalty of £5 is imposed for wilful waste. The same Act empowers waterworks' officers to inspect premises to see if there is any waste or misuse of water, and by the Act of 1852 powers were granted to the London water companies to prescribe the size, nature, and strength of pipes, cocks, &c. In the country, as well as in towns, water is apt to be rendered impure and unwholesome by the admixture of sewage: for instance, farms and villages upon the banks of a stream, instead of employing their sewage, according to modern principles, to enrich the land, let it flow into the stream, carrying poison to those who live lower down its banks and derive their drinking water from it. The shallow wells too, which are common in the country, are apt to contain unwholesome water by reason of the sewage and organic matter which permeate the surrounding earth and percolate into them.

During the recent debate on the Burials Bill, introduced by Dr. Cameron, with a view of favouring cremation, some very unpleasant assertions were made about the proximity of cemeteries to the supplies of potable water. Not impossibly they may have been, though with entire sincerity, exaggerated by the ardent advocates of cremation. Still they are such as to need consideration in connection with the present subject, and as the summary method of forestalling the processes of nature in the disposal of our dead is not likely to be adopted to any large extent in England, this danger must never be left out of sight in new water supply schemes.

In the space at our disposal we have been able merely to touch upon a few leading points in the important matter of water supply, and in doing so we have endeavoured to avoid the tedious technicalities which of course a thorough treatment of the matter would involve.

We deprecate waste and uphold economy in the employment of water as of all other good gifts of the Creator, but we certainly advocate a copious and constant supply, and are opposed to any restrictions, even in the interests of economy, which would limit the legitimate use of water. Social improvement will, it is perhaps not going too far to say, keep pace with and even to some extent depend on a more liberal use of water, and habits of cleanliness, and high charges, or any other checks which may militate against this must be discouraged as bars to social advance. There is, after all, a good deal of sound sense in the old adage "Cleanliness next to Godliness."

H. W.

### The Catholic Institute and Frederick Lucas.

### PART THE SECOND. 1843-1847.

THE history of the first five years of the Catholic Institute was related in my last article with a good deal of detail. A more selective treatment may be appropriate in dealing with the last half of its short decade of existence. The annual meeting of 1843 was marked by all the signs of a decline. In place of the enthusiastic crowds who in former years gathered to hear and cheer O'Connell, the Chairman, Lord Camoys, could only congratulate himself on being "surrounded by so many of the aristocracy and by so respectable an assembly." The Report, while recording some moderate degree of activity in moving for redress of grievances and in circulating tracts, showed a further falling off in the finances to the extent of £200. This was the more remarkable when taken in connection with O'Connell's motion for the enrolment of Associates paying one shilling each, which had been so unanimously adopted at the previous meeting. How much might have been accomplished had this resolution been effectively carried out was triumphantly shown by Father Moore of Poplar, who in his own povertystricken district had enrolled three thousand Associates, their united contributions amounting to £150. With the exception of some humourous words from Father Moore, who introduced to the meeting a numerous deputation of his "Wapping Boys," the only noteworthy speech of the day was that of Mr. Langdale. After commenting on the "splendid example" set by Father Moore and his congregation, Mr. Langdale made a very earnest appeal in behalf of the great work to which he was to devote the remainder of his days, the education of the children of the Catholic poor. To what purpose was it, he asked, to rejoice over some scores of converts while thousands of the household of faith were suffered to fall away unheeded? The Dissenters had in a year collected £568,000, and distributed two millions of tracts. What a contrast was offered by the

Catholics with their paltry contribution of £1,100 for the purposes of the Institute. He concluded by expressing a hope that "if the Institute were really destined to expire, some other institution, even more calculated to serve Catholicity, . . . would arise from its ashes."

In an article in the *Tablet* for the 24th of June, entitled "British Catholics and Scotch Seceders"—for which he received the warm thanks and congratulations of Bishop Baines—Mr. Lucas, while insisting that there was only too much ground for Mr. Langdale's fears for the existence of the Institute, speaks in the following terms of the hope which he had expressed:

This "hope" of Mr. Langdale's has set us upon thinking what the nature of such an institution might be. . . . We ask ourselves what is the greatest and most pressing want of the Catholic body, to supply which any general organization can be made available? We ask ourselves whether it is a want of controversial tracts? whether it is a want of prayer-books, or of books of any kind? whether it is a want of means to protect ourselves against legislative or magisterial oppression? whether it is any or all of these things, or anything having any connection with or analogy or relation to these things? We answer, that we cannot persuade ourselves it is. Tracts, books, and protection we want in abundance. But what we want more is inclination to read the tracts, disposition to turn the books to account, and provision to stand in no need of protection. In other words, we want the prime necessities of our poor provided for-first in relation to the administration of the sacraments and public worship; then in relation to education; and lastly in relation to their corporal necessities. In other words, priests and churches; schoolmasters and school-houses; and then a long train of benevolent institutions for supplying the needs of this bodily and human existence. The last of these three objects we may leave out of account for the present, because they are in themselves the least pressing. . . . But the two former objects are of pressing and momentary necessity. They may be seen to involve—they are known to involve directly and immediately, the eternal happiness of vast masses of the population. And yet we allow year after year to go on, and leave it to chance zeal and unmethodical exertion to remedy this universal and most terrible defect.

But then... do not these matters of priests, churches, and schools concern our spiritual superiors? and can any lay or mixed organization effectually deal with them? We answer emphatically that these things do indeed concern our spiritual superiors as to the spiritual part of them. But as to finding the temporal means for the execution of the spiritual functions, this concerns the laity chiefly, if not exclusively. When we pass from the shadows of this world to the realities of the next, we shall discover that they do concern us all very materially and substantially indeed.

These points are ably enforced by a comparison with the energetic action and thorough organization of the Scottish Free Kirk, then of recent birth. In two months the members of this enterprising body had raised a sum of £250,000.

The Scotch, moreover, are proceeding in an orderly manner, and after Christian principles, in another respect. They are not talking of building handsome and expensive churches elaborately ornamented in one parish, while another is left without church or minister for want of a sum equal to the value of the ecclesiastical luxuries before referred to. No: they are going on the good old rule of-first necessaries, then conveniences, lastly luxuries. They fix a stipend for each minister; they adopt the most economical style of building; and they say, "we will, in the first instance, out of this national fund, take care that every member of our Kirk is supplied with the ministrations of his faith at the earliest possible instant. This done, we leave the conveniences and luxuries of each locality to be provided for ad libitum, according to the means and wishes of each locality. These latter we leave to local public spirit, to chance, and to the voluntary promptings of zeal. But as to the former, it is the business of the whole body to see to it that no single individual of the body is, if possible, unprovided with the bread of life. This indispensable we take into our hands at the first moment of our corporate existence, and by the blessing of God will never rest until this at least be accomplished." Here is an example for us to follow.

The only thing wanting to the Institute [adds the writer] is neither better times nor better supporters, but energy, spirit, management, and method at head quarters. These will beget confidence, confidence will beget funds. With these everything may be accomplished, without these nothing.

But neither the earnest pleading of Mr. Langdale, nor the more vehement upbraidings of the Editor of the Tablet, availed to wake the Institute from its lethargy. No meeting at all was held in 1844, and it became evident that a change either of programme, or of method, or both, was imperatively required. After much earnest deliberation and much consultation with the bishops, it was at last determined that the Institute should undertake as one of its main objects the promotion of what was then called "charitable education," and to this end a new set of rules was framed.

Into this work the chairman of the new acting committee, the Hon. C. Langdale, threw himself with all his heart and soul. At the annual meeting of 1845, in moving the adoption of the new rules, he reminded his hearers in a touching speech that

munificent generosity in the building of handsome churches, and exuberant rejoicings over the recent conversions which at that time were making such a stir, alike contrasted with the practical neglect of thousands of our poor children. He added:

I cannot bring myself to believe that if we were once bound together, as it is the object of the Institute to bind us,—if the poor man were but to consider that his penny is as valuable in the aggregate as the rich man's pound—the Catholics of Great Britain would not even now, late in the day as it is, rally round this Institute and enable it to procure funds for this spiritual destitution and atone for this neglect.

Bishop Brown, of Wales, spoke on the same occasion some words which deserve to be quoted. Taking up the oft-recurring subject of "apathy," in the existence of which his lordship expressed his firm belief, he said:

The cause of this apathy is the security, the perfect security, of our faith. The Sectarians, who are really in search of a religion, make use of all efforts to persuade others to accompany them along their dark path, for in their darkness they are glad of a companion; but the Catholic is secure under authority, and, engrossed with his own duties, he forgets others. You may not agree with me, but I am persuaded that this accounts for the alleged apathy. They satisfy themselves with faith, forgetting that without good works faith is unavailing.

The Bishop entered an earnest protest, on behalf especially of his own district of Wales, against the discontinuance of the publication of tracts.

There at least these tracts are of great value, for in our poverty we have neither books nor tracts, and unless the Institute can assist us we shall be left to our deplorable ignorance and deep poverty. [There were, he said, only two Catholic schools in all Wales.] Do we not need your aid? And we have some claim to it; for had a Catholic Institute existed one hundred years ago, dispersing books and tracts, and doing not only what you purpose to do but what you have done, one half of the principality would have been Catholics.

He strongly emphasized his conviction that, a century before the time at which he spoke, and previous to the inroads of Methodism, "the Welsh were Catholics;" and concluded with an appeal for help from all classes. It may be of interest to mention that Father Lythgoe, Provincial S.J., addressed the meeting on this occasion. He altogether deprecated the notion that the raising of subscriptions for the central fund of the Institute would injure local charities.

Writing in the *Tablet* for April 12, 1845, on the re-organization of the Institute, the Editor, while carefully refraining from imprudent prophecies of future success, refers in the highest and most cordial terms to the new Chairman of the Committee. At last, he says, a leader has been found.

Mr. Langdale has consented to place himself at the head of this organization, and never can we hope . . . for a man better fitted to blend in one common enterprise rich and poor, English and Irish, and to aid all classes in promoting the common interest of all. Above all, Mr. Langdale is in earnest. He leaves his retirement, the pleasures [Mr. Langdale would have said, rather, the duties] of a country life, . . . to devote himself heart and soul to the service of this great cause. . . . What a shame, what an everlasting disgrace it will be to all of us, if Mr. Langdale's magnificent offer of service shall have been made in vain. He asks for no political importance at the hands of the Catholic body in Great Britain. . . . All he asks is the privilege of being their benefactor; the boon of being allowed to toil for them; that they will be pleased of their great charity to allow him to do them a great and signal service. This is his petition, and it remains to be seen how far they will consent to its easy conditions, or whether they will prefer to jog on in the old, dull, stupid, everlasting round, which has led to nothing, and will lead to nothing but obloquy and loss.

That the success of the reorganized Institute was, even at the outset, by no means all that could be desired, may be gathered from Mr. Langdale's reply to an expostulatory letter from Father M'Donnell, of Clifton.

I now proceed to the question, what is the Institute doing? conclude that . . . my Rev. friend . . . is aware that after a long inquiry it was ascertained that at least 35,000 poor Catholics are wholly destitute of education . . . and that both bishops and clergy have impressed upon the Committee the great importance of establishing normal schools. ... My Rev. friend tauntingly asks, what has been done in this great work? and urges the charge of inaction. I need hardly say that both the charge and the question presuppose some such foregone conclusion as the following:-You, the acting committee, . . . have made your appeal . . . nobly and generously must Catholic feeling have responded to the cry of spiritual destitution; where, then, are the glorious fruits of our munificence? Behold, I reply, the accumulated means of the two funds, Catholic Institute and Spiritual Education, to accomplish the great work, instruct 35,000 children, improve the education of half as many more, and provide befitting teachers in so holy a cause. At the close of 1845 the fruits of the last six months' efforts, nominally £2,260, really put into the hands of the Committee £,1,750/!! The day may come, and if I live and Catholic England distinguishes itself in the next

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six months... as it has done in the last... it *shall* come, when it shall not be my fault if I do not at least answer my Rev. friend's question in one respect, and if I have nothing to show to English Catholicity for the efforts it has made, I will at least try to show to the Catholic world what that effort has been.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Langdale goes on to observe that, almost simultaneously with the last annual meeting of the Catholic Institute, a meeting was called in furtherance of Protestant primary education for the diocese of Winchester alone. Some months ago, he says, when the Catholic fund had not yet reached £1,500, the Winchester fund already exceeded £25,000.

The facts were even less encouraging than Mr. Langdale's words might seem to imply. At the annual meeting of 1846, although the Report showed a total of receipts amounting to nearly £3,000, being double of the highest figure hitherto reached, an examination of the balance-sheet showed that this increase was entirely due to the individual subscriptions of the rich, while the congregational collections had very largely fallen off in amount.<sup>2</sup> At this meeting Mr. O'Connell spoke once more, touching with powerful yet familiar eloquence on his favourite themes. After eulogizing the lavish generosity of the poorest of his countrymen at home, he said:

It is the aggregation and multiplication of small sums that does it. You are in England a million of Catholics. Pay a shilling a head, and you have £25,000; sixpence a head, and you have £25,000; and if that won't do pay threepence a head, and try to do with £12,500 a year. Now shall I tell you how to get it?... Go about and ask everybody. That's the only way to raise funds. It's troublesome, I know, and difficult; but you must overcome the unpleasantness. Let your collectors always take less than the giver can spare; be low in your demands, and nine-tenths of the community will give you something... Do you, then, boast of your £3,000 and your doubled receipts? Double them, and then double them again, and then you may boast a little. However, all that is wanted to do this is collectors who will

<sup>2</sup> Whereas in 1841 63 congregations contributed £784, in 1846 the contributions of 74 congregations reached only £483. At that time there were 522 congregations in England and Wales.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Tablet, Jan. 17, 1846. A few weeks later occurs an article on "Catholic Schools in the Factory Districts," in which the following facts are urged on the attention of the Institute. In 1842 in the districts of Ashton, Dukenfield, and Staleybridge there were fifty-five thousand inhabitants and only two schools, one Catholic and one Protestant. In the same districts there were at the close of 1845 nineteen Protestant schools, accommodating three thousand five hundred and one children, and still only one Catholic school, numbering forty-eight pupils.

overcome their feeling of shame, and continue their work in spite of a refusal or a rebuff.

Early in 1847 the Editor of the Tablet began to press very earnestly on the attention of the Committee of the Institute the necessity for political action in the matter of education, in view of the Government scheme which was understood to be in preparation. The Catholic body, he urged, had a right to learn what was being done on their behalf-

Whether any steps have been taken to gather the opinions of prelates and clergy, and to lay before the Minister the exact nature of our demands, an account of the exigencies of our position, a statement of what will content us, and what, not being conceded, it will be incumbent on us to agitate and make known our discontent in every conceivable direction, and particularly in every constituency in which we are fortunate enough to possess a few Catholic voters.

Mr. Langdale replied to these questions by stating that he has been in communication with Ministers, who had promised to give the matter their serious consideration. He adds:

What ultimately will be the character of the measures brought forward during the approaching session . . . it would be more than idle to inquire. But I presume, before we offer any conditions, or ask for less than our full share, our best course is to see what they, the Government, propose, and I see not how objections can be raised till we ascertain that objections do exist.

As to preparations for the approaching General Election, Mr. Langdale admitted that nothing had been, and nothing would be done by the Committee of the Institute. Such a line of activity would, in his opinion, endanger the more important work of watching over the interests of education.

Believe me, sir [he added], your own pen and paper can (and therefore have I not a right to say will?) do more to arouse the elective spirit of Catholics than anything and everything that the Catholic Institute of Great Britain, with its high-sounding title and appendages . . . could hope to accomplish.

It is always pleasant laudari a laudato viro; but Mr. Lucas was not to be put off even with so flattering a compliment from so high an authority. He held to it that it was the business of the Institute, in accordance with its professed programme, not merely to further the cause of education, but to promote Catholic interests in every way; and in furtherance of education not to confine itself to the collection of funds among ourselves, together with a respectful statement of our claims on the State, but also to bring effective pressure to bear upon the Government. On this subject he wrote at the time:

General applications, such as seem to have been made, appear to us to be of very little value. Specific applications, after the Government has gone through the process of egg-laying and incubation, and has positively hatched its chickens; after they have laboriously gone through the materials for a final determination, have digested their plan, and assumed the responsibility of it before the country, seem to us to be of very little value either. What is of value is to inform the Government of the real nature of the grievance under which we labour; to press upon them the conditions which alone will satisfy us; and to make them know, before they are pledged to anything, the hostility with which we shall encounter every attempt of legislative iniquity. . . The proper time to press these demands upon the Government is before they are pledged to anything definite, and not afterwards. This is a proposition upon which we do not see that there can be any difference amongst practical men; and if in the course of next year we shall find ourselves saddled with some obnoxious or hateful law, the Institute having chosen to postpone its remonstrances . . . we shall have no alternative but to think that the Institute will have incurred a very grave and serious responsibility.

But, supposing applications made to the Government at the right time and in the right manner, upon what does the weight of such applications depend? Upon their reasonableness? Upon their justice? God help those who think so. No; but upon the power of annoyance of which the applicants are the representatives; upon the electoral or legislative strength by which they are backed; upon the indications which they give of that power of importunity by which the poor widow coerced the unjust judge out of his iniquity. It is mere childishness to look at the question in any other way; and to suppose that these matters are regulated upon any other principles is to cram ourselves with the dullest of all delusions. . . .

We know that we shall be met by the common pretext that the course we suggest implies the necessity of political action, and that . . . the Institute cannot meddle in politics . . . Depend upon it, that what terrifes us in the matter is not politics but religion. What those men whom Mr. Langdale complains of fear, is, we shrewdly suspect, the being thought guilty of such heinous bad manners as to avow themselves Catholics before everything. To come before the world as Conservatives, or Whigs, or Liberals, has nothing displeasing to their sensitive natures; but to proclaim with a loud voice that to them Whiggism and Toryism are comparatively nothing and religion everything—this it is which they cannot stomach—this it is of which they are afraid.

"What is wanted-what the French Catholics accomplished-is not

to interfere with politics in the vulgar sense of the term, but to rise above politics altogether. What is asked is, not that any man shall leave his party, or vote against his party, but that he shall make the condition of supporting his party what we may call justice to God; that he shall use his vote, whether in Parliament or at the hustings, to coerce either his member, his candidate, his fellow-member, or his fellow-peer, into paying that attention to Catholic interests which justice and the law of God imperatively demand. What sort of a Catholic—what sort of a Christian—what sort of a man—must be he who is too great a coward or too great a traitor to find the performance of this simple duty above (sic) his miserable capacity? We shall leave the answer to those who are more skilful than we are in the epithets of reproach."

In reply to further letters from Mr. Langdale, who continued to plead that the work which Mr. Lucas urged the Institute to undertake did not really fall within the scope of its duty, but was the proper function of the Catholic Press, the Editor insisted on the necessity of an organization to carry out such a work, and on the fitness of the Institute to do it. Some years ago, he reminds Mr. Langdale, when the Institute was in a sluggish condition and it was important to canvass the constituencies, he had himself set on foot an association for that purpose.

The experience of that time convinced us of two points; first the absolute necessity for some association or organization for acting efficiently upon the minds of Catholic voters, and bringing them to use their strength for the common cause; secondly the great difficulty, or rather the impossibility of founding an effective association for that sole and exclusive end. The press cannot do the work that has to be done . . . The press can help but it can do no more. There is a great deal of work to be done, which an organized body like the Institute could do if it chose; which cannot be done except by some such body; and which it seems now will not be done at all. 3

These words on the necessity of organization, if the full strength of the Catholic vote is to be realized for Catholic purposes, and on the unsatisfactory nature of any association which should have this for its sole object, convey a lesson which is good—if not for all time—at least for that considerable portion of the future during which we shall continue to be a small and weak minority in the country.

A fortnight later Mr. Lucas returned to the charge. What was being done? Private representations to Ministers were all very well, but where was the outside pressure? Were we doing anything to show our powers of annoyance in case our demands

<sup>3</sup> Tablet, February 13.

were not complied with? Were we even showing that spirit of self-help without which it was vain to look for external assistance? Nay, rather, the promoters of local interests were jealous of the central common fund. The result was that if Ministers should ask us what we Catholics, as a body, were doing for the education of our own poor, we should have but a sorry tale to tell. After quoting some correspondence between the Free Kirk Education Committee and the Government, resulting in a handsome grant in aid of certain normal schools in Edinburgh and Glasgow, he proceeds:

Observe here the exquisite "satisfaction" of "My Lords." When proposals for grants for model schools are made to them they dont stand higgling and chaffering and exhibiting an unwillingness to give. No; they array their countenances in smiles of "satisfaction;" thrust their hands deep down into their capacious pockets; bring up a good haul of bullion, and plank down handsomely for the purpose required. It is true that, like cautious men, they insist upon knowing the particulars of the institution for which a grant is to be made; but when they learn, as they do in a short time . . . that their petitioners are in the receipt of an income only "amounting to about £4,000 per annum," they at once see the necessities of the case, rush to the rescue of the poverty-stricken kirk, make them a grant of £10,000 "to enable them to found model and normal schools" in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and superadd to that an endowment of £1,000 a year for the support and maintenance of these institutions when founded.

Mark here, good reader, the advantages of having an Education Committee. If the Scotch Presbyterians had been such miserable mismanagers as we English Catholics are, if they had left every town, every district, or every parish to act for itself, do you suppose they would ever have got this grant, this munificent donation of £10,000 and £1,000 a year? Of course they would not. They would not have been in a position to ask it. In their case, it is true, the Government was anxious to give, and desirous that they should make out a case; but to enable the Government to fulfil its intentions, it was necessary that they should come before it as one body, and not with divided councils. When shall we do so? When shall we be in a position to insist upon it that "My Lords" shall have great "satisfaction" in making a grant to us which they had rather be poisoned than make, if circumstances allowed them any alternative? Other bodies, to which the Government is favourable, are compact and united, and place themselves in a position to petition with effect. We only; we whom all Governments dislike and hate; whom they either oppose with rancour or cheat with ill-dissembled guile; we who have all the world for enemies and have no friends but God; we who have hard cards to play, deep responsibilities to satisfy, and with the smallest possible means a superhuman task to accomplish; we—and we only—have no union, no compactness, no marshalled front, no discipline, no business-like arrangements, no human provision for success; and so confident are we in the righteousness of our cause, and the boundless aid it may look for at the hands of an all-merciful and omnipotent God, that while it is in the greatest peril, and has the greatest need of every exertion that we can make—we lie in bed, and snore, and sleep, and dream, or if we are awake, squander our time in quarrels and disputes and frivolities, and leave the whole matter to Him who will one day judge us for our neglect.

Mr. Langdale had called upon the Editor of the *Tablet* for a trumpet-blast to wake the Catholic body from its lethargy of political inactivity and niggardly stinginess. How far the above paragraphs answer the description the reader may be left to judge. How sadly such a trumpet-blast was wanted may be learned from what transpired at the annual meeting for 1847, some account of which I must postpone to a future article.

Meanwhile the above specimens of a somewhat stormy journalistic eloquence may fitly be supplemented by some passages from contemporary letters of Mr. Langdale's. They serve to show the noble spirit in which he worked, and the difficulties against which he had to contend. They show too how fully he shared with Bishop Brown and the editor of the *Tablet* the conviction that the Catholic body was in those days very seriously to blame for a sad lack of public spirit. Mr. Langdale was at this time living in London, "estranged," to use his own words, "or at least at a great distance from those more natural duties which my state in society would otherwise have required at my hands," in order to devote himself entirely to "a work involving, as I believe it does, the religious instruction, and therefore the eternal happiness or misery, of many thousands of poor Catholic children."

It is this work [he adds] that I indeed tremble at, lest I may not be aiding to carry it out in all its relations, and on which I may one day be put on my trial before a tribunal much more serious even than that with which you threaten me. No, sir, I do not believe . . . that you consider the educational duties of the Institute as a small work. It is not, indeed, the great work which it ought by this time to have been. Where we have contributed to educate hundreds, had our means enabled us to do so, thousands yet uneducated might now be learning their duty to the God that made them.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Tablet, Jan. 9, 1847.

Three weeks later he writes:

I declare to you, sir, when I have asked for an interview of the different Ministers of the day on the grounds of laying before them the wants of our people, and the right to receive a fair share of the national grant, to meet [i.e., to supplement] . . . the sums levying by the Institute, I have trembled lest my demand should be complied with, and that in the presence of a Protestant Minister I should have had to point to the paltry Catholic collection of a few hundreds to meet the education of three times as many thousands of our children. Yes, sir, I was spared that degradation, but I have learnt, by pondering on these and such circumstances, by knowing what others have done, and are doing, that we Catholics have an imperative duty to perform towards the children of our Catholic poor, and that could I but be an instrument of arousing the English Catholic body to carry into effect the religious education of these unfortunates, willingly would I abandon all the glory and perhaps more high-sounding notes of triumph to any that could marshal us to deeds [of political activity] such as you contemplate, gratified at least by the reflection that such exultation need not then be accompanied by the blush of half-condemnation.5

The following words occur in Mr. Langdale's letter of the 10th of February:

How far I, at least, am satisfied or dissatisfied with the superhuman task [as some had ironically called it] which we have accomplished since I established myself in London to carry it on, is I believe sufficiently known to all my personal friends and acquaintance, and I believe their kind encouragement to hope for better results, and a dread lest despondency on such a sacred subject as the education of the poor might seem almost a tempting of Providence . . . have alone prevented me ere this from giving up my post in utter disgust. That I have not concealed these sentiments from the public at large as often as I have either spoken or written upon the support we have met with in our attempt to educate the thousands of our poor destitute children, must be sufficiently impressed upon all who have thought it worth their while either to listen to what I have said or to read what I have written.

HERBERT W. LUCAS.

<sup>5</sup> Tablet, Jan. 23, 1847.

## Mr. Ruskin on Raphael and his School.1

THE atmosphere of the Renaissance is as inseparable from the artistic works of Raphael and his school as the anti-Catholic prejudice of Elizabethan tradition is from the literary works of Mr. Ruskin. But it is as unfair to ignore the artistic and religious merits of Raphael's pictures, on account of the sensuous element in them, as it would be not to acknowledge the good sense, appreciation of artistic beauty, keen discrimination, and poetic eloquence of Mr. Ruskin's writings, on account of the many unjust things he has said against the Catholic Church.

It is our purpose to draw attention to a flagrant instance of this kind of injustice on the part of Ruskin to Raphael in his

first edition of Modern Painters.

What critic of *Paradise Lost* would be patiently heard, who should make it his one business to hold up to censure the fact that although the subject is historic, most of the detail has no foundation in reality, who should dwell exclusively upon the poet's sensuous tone in his descriptions of Eve, or upon the taint of Arianism in his poem? Such a one would be either quite unfit to criticize a poem or must be the victim of an overpowering prejudice against the poet.

The faults of great men need not be overlooked, but, when they occur in works of stupendous artistic genius, they cannot be pointed out with too much tender palliation and modest diffidence of tone. This is the temper we should expect in a really great critic dealing with a really great artist. But the fact is Mr. Ruskin was the victim of an overmastering prejudice, and this prejudice meets with a stupendous difficulty to be explained away. With his intense passion for art, he writhed under the obtrusive and incontestable sterility of Protestantism in religious art. This barrenness with which Protestantism smote

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Modern Painters, First Edition, Vol. III. The False Religious Ideal; pp. 51-56.

the nations who submitted to her was painfully manifest to his artistic eyes, and required explanation.

How could such an artistic blight be coincident with such a religious verdure as the Reformation? It was enough to try any temper. But temper lost by a critic is fatal. He must account for this hateful blot on the history of the Church of his Baptism. With desperate courage he marshals all his wealth of words to show that the fault does not lie with Protestantism but with the Catholic Church, in having welcomed the Renaissance and encouraged Raphael and his school to debase religious art by unhistoric and sensuous treatment.

The first Christians may have been timid of high art which had been so fully dedicated to idolatrous uses; but only one, young enough to take everything for what it professes to be, could credit the first Reformers with such a faithful imitation of the first Christians May we say of a delusion what Lord Tennyson says of a lie—

That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright, But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

Mr. Ruskin's thesis is that Raphael and his school used religion for the display of art instead of using art for the display of religion and so acted on a false religious ideal.

When accurate shade and subtle colour, and perfect anatomy, and complicated perspective, became necessary to the work, the artist's whole energy was employed in learning the laws of them. His life was devoted, not to the objects of art, but to the cunning of it; and the sciences of composition and light and shade were pursued as if there were abstract good in them, as if, like astronomy or mathematics, they were ends in themselves, irrespective of anything to be effected by them, and without perception on the part of any one, of the abyss to which all were hastening, a fatal change of aim took place throughout the whole world of art. In early times art was employed for the display of religious facts; now, religious facts were employed for the display of art. The transition, though imperceptible, was consummate; it involved the entire destiny of painting. It was passing from the paths of life to the paths of death.

This change took place, he tells us, under the disguise of truth.

And this change was all the more fatal because at first veiled by an appearance of greater dignity and sincerity than were possessed by the old art.

The deceitful truth was realistic reform—a closer imitation of nature.

The appearances of nature were more closely followed in everything.

This, he allows, was a move in the right direction, but was vitiated by an unworthy intention.

Was not this, then, a healthy change? No, it would have been healthy, if it had been effected with a pure motive, and the new truths would have been precious, if they had been sought for truth's sake. But they were not sought for truth's sake but for pride's; and truth which is sought for display may be just as harmful as truth which is spoken in malice.

That this reform sprang from no real love of truth, but only from vanity, he would prove by attesting the utter want of religious feeling in their pictures, and that they only succeeded in creating a number of cold formal types of religious propriety.

They were, in the strictest sense of the word, compositions—cold arrangements of propriety and agreeableness according to academical formulas.

He then very realistically describes his own idea of our Lord's charge to St. Peter. After which he disparagingly compares Raphael's picture of the same with his own imaginary one. Having thus dishonoured one of Raphael's pictures he hastily extends the shadow over other prominent masterpieces and concludes by ascribing all this perversion of talent to the evil genius of the age, the luxurious and impious Vatican.

As Mr. Ruskin has been so unsparing in his censures of such a great artist as Raphael, no apology need be made for venturing to differ from such a great art-critic as Mr. Ruskin. Indeed, there is room to hope that the illustrious author of *Modern Painters* has lived at least to modify his views on this subject, as he has refrained from re-editing the third volume, in his late edition. Nevertheless, since his first impression is still before the public and continues to carry away by its eloquence the approval of many, it is not unfair to state what can be said on the other side.

Mr. Ruskin misses in the works of Raphael and his school the supernatural light that shone around the works of Giotto, Perugino, and Fra Angelico. It does not follow that Raphael's art was not a natural and healthy development of the earlier art. The full blown rose, though at the very perfection of its bloom, has lost the peculiar shy suggestive beauty of the bud. It is none the less a development and perfection of the bud, because it has lost its infantine simplicity and is one step nearer to decay. The little fair-haired server in the sanctuary may by a perfectly healthy development mature into the staid matter-offact father of a family. He is not to blame for losing his fair hair and innocent, childish ways; nor would he be an abomination of desolation even if again found serving in the holy place. We should look in vain, in the poems of Tennyson, for the saintly inspirations of Crashaw or Southwell, but the laureate may still be a worthy descendant of his poetical ancestry, and by no means "a monster of hypocrisy who has passed from the paths of life to the paths of death."

Art, in the hands of Raphael, was no longer the angelic handmaid of religion producing in the features of Madonnas, saints, and angels, something of the high mysticism of the writings of St. John the Evangelist, but it produced a very great army of artists proclaiming religious truth in the face of heresy and enshrining it in immortal works of art. But although art was no longer the celestial server of early days, and carried religious subjects into the halls of palaces, it did not desert the sanctuary, for how many churches there are which boast of an altar-piece by Raphael or his school.

The first illustration which Mr. Ruskin gives of the evil change, is Raphael's Madonna of the Chair, which he contrasts antagonistically with the crowned Queen Virgin of Perugino.

The Crowned Queen Virgin of Perugino sank into a simple Italian mother in Raphael's Madonna of the Chair.

This seems hardly fair, for one is the court of Heaven, the other is the house at Nazareth. The mystery of the Incarnation demands both. One is the Divinity, the other the Humanity. It was inevitable that, as art became more and more of a profession, and works of art were multiplied by thousands, that it should choose the natural—the human side of the Incarnation rather than the mystic and divine, as it were, the Gospel of St. Matthew or St. Luke rather than the Gospel of St. John. Since nature is the preceptor of art, artists found, not higher, but more ready, and quite as true, inspiration in such words as, "She brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room

for Him in the inn," rather, than in such sublime passages as "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us, and we saw His glory, as it were of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." But the mind of even a very religious Protestant sometimes shrinks from homely realizations of the mystery of the Incarnation. It can tolerate such a mystery if kept strictly within the limits of a world of its own, but that it should be intruded into every-day life, that Jesus and Mary should be perpetuated as the simple Jewish maiden and her Infant, is to such minds unpardonable. Just as they might enthusiastically admire the myths of fairyland or heathen mythology, when confined to romance and poetry, but would judge them intolerable in serious history.

Having but just upbraided the new school with being too realistic, as shown in the Madonna of the Chair contrasted with the Crowned Queen Virgin of Perugino, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to inflict worse treatment for its not being realistic enough. For this purpose he chooses one of Raphael's famous cartoons, the Charge to Peter. And a very graphic little descriptive homily

he gives us, well worth reading for its own sake.

I suppose there is no event of the whole life of Christ to which, in hours of doubt or fear, men turn with more anxious thirst to know the close facts of it, or with more earnest and passionate dwelling upon every syllable of its recorded narrative, than Christ showing Himself to His disciples at the lake of Galilee. There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full fronting our disbelief in this manifestation. The others recorded after the Resurrection, were sudden, phantom-like, occurring to men in profound sorrow and wearied agitation of heart; not, it might seem, safe judges of what they saw. But the agitation was now over. They had gone back to their daily work, thinking still their business lay net-wards, unmeshed from the literal rope and drag, "Simon Peter saith unto them, I go fishing. They say unto him, we also go with thee." True words enough, having far echo beyond the Galilean hills. That night they caught nothing; but, when the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked them simply, If they had caught anything. They said no. And it tells them to cast yet again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand to look who it is; and though the glinting of the sea too dazzles him, he makes out who it is, and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in over the nets. One would have liked to see him swim those hundred yards and stagger to his knees on the beach. Well, the others get to the beach, too, in time, in such slow way, as men

in general do get, in this world, to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful dragging the net with fishes. But they get there, seven of them in all; first the Denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne seekers, and two more we know not who. They sit down on the shore face to face with Him and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then, to Peter, all dripping still, shivering and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun on the other side of the coal-fire, thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal-fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master, since that look of His—to him so amazed, comes the question, "Simon, lovest thou Me?"

So far, is admirable, but, now comes the injustice, a detailed contrast with Raphael's picture which was never intended, except very partially, to represent the same subject. He continues:

Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you; and then take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy Raphael's cartoon of the Charge to Peter. Note first the bold fallacy—the putting all the Apostles there, a mere lie to serve the Papal heresy of the Petric supremacy by putting them all in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witness to it. Note the handsomely curled hair and neatly tied sandles of the men who had been out all night in the sea mists and on the slimy decks. Note their convenient dresses for going a fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes all made to match, an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his wet coat girt about him and his naked limbs) is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of Apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line, that they may all be shown. The simple truth is, that the moment we look at the picture, we feel our belief of the whole thing taken away. There is visibly, no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place or on any occasion. It is all a mere mythical absurdity and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms and curly heads of Greek philosophers.

Now, had Mr. Ruskin chosen Raphael's cartoon of the Call of St. Peter instead of that of the Charge to St. Peter, perhaps his realistic taste would have been satisfied. There St. Peter is the veritable fisherman almost knee-deep in a boat full of fish trying to prostrate himself at our Lord's feet saying, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord." But he has chosen

that one of all others, which Raphael has treated most entirely mystically. If Raphael had not been a Catholic he would no doubt have treated the subject realistically, but as a Catholic it was open to him to take the Church's interpretation. Although only the chief amongst the Apostles are mentioned in the sacred text, nevertheless, because the Church regards it as a most solemn charge affecting the Universal Church, the artist introduces all the Apostolic College, but those who were corporally absent, in such a subordinate way, quite in the background with half averted faces, so that their moral presence but physical absence is most skilfully suggested. Those Apostles who were certainly present are put in the relative prominence in which they appear in the Gospel and in the cultus of the Church. St. Peter first, then St. John, St. James, St. Andrew, St. Thomas, St. Philip, and so on. They are all represented as ideal Apostles, with the grand majesty of head, figure, and robe which becomes ideal pillars of the Catholic Church. It is a treatise in one glance on the supremacy of St. Peter, a faithful commentary on those words, "Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, we also go with thee," words on which Mr. Ruskin dwells so happily, saying of them "True words enough, having far echo beyond the Galilean hills." Raphael's picture is of the echo beyond the Galilean hills even in the fair plains of Italy, the echo which will not cease to reverberate through all lands until that Divine Master with His princely band comes to sit in judgment on all the tribes of Israel.

Yet, in this picture Mr. Ruskin thinks he has caught in its cocoon the canker-worm of religious art-the monster of hypocrisy that ministered to the luxury of the Vatican and ought to be trampled on by "every believing and advancing Christian." He would seem to hold that religious art must be either such as, what he calls, "the pleasant vision of Bellini and Francia," or, plain matter-of-fact illustrations of history. He gives the religious artist no alternative. Any middle course would be, what he contemptously calls, "a composition." But is a composition in painting less admissible than in poetry? Is not religious and poetic truth often best expressed by a parable, an allegory, or some such composition of the imagination, because it is something more than mere matter-of-fact? Roscoe, in his Life of Leo the Tenth, referring to Raphael's picture of St. Leo dissuading Attila from the invasion of Rome, reconciles himself to the introduction of SS. Peter and Paul by saying that in such cases

the pictura loquens is synonymous with the muta poesis—in short, that the picture enjoys all the poetical licence that the poem itself has. Mr. Ruskin is not so liberal.

If his literal rendering of the Charge to Peter could be put on canvas by a hand as cunning as Raphael's, it would be a beautiful and truthful religious picture, but it would still fall short of Raphael's own cartoon, which expresses something higher, more hidden, more difficult of access, more exclusively belonging to Catholic faith, viz., the Church's interpretation of the literal Gospel. This is Mr. Ruskin's illustration of art conceived upon a false ideal, but to a Catholic, it is as true and in a higher region of truth, as his own realistic treatment which is not founded on the ideal but on the real, using these terms in contradistinction to one another. Mr. Ruskin is one of the greatest art critics of the age. His beautiful and eloquent works on art have raised him to the very woolsack in the courts of art-criticism; but do his words, in this case, sound like the calm judicial sentence of a judge? or, are they not, more like hot special pleading against an acknowledged criminal? And this is the way that an enthusiastic admirer of the pious but painful efforts of Holman Hunt sits in judgment on the great prince of painters. He can praise the unreality of the enthroned and Crowned Madonna of Perugino because to him it is far away as fairyland from practical life, but, the Papal Supremacy, that was another matter-an active spreading disease, so Raphael's picture representing it must be bad art. How bad art? Why, it is not real. It is the false ideal, in fact, a mere lie to serve the Papal heresy of the Petric Supremacy. Other works of Raphael are dragged under the same condemnation. Of St. Paul in the St. Cecilia of Bologna he says:

The feeble, subtle, suffering, ceaseless energy and humiliation of St. Paul were confused with an idea of a meditative Hercules leaning on a sweeping sword.

But who would not wish a picture of the Apostle of the Gentiles, while it preserved his traditional features handed down even from the Catacombs, to express by its proportions something of his grand position in the New Covenant and history of the Church! An altar-piece is not to be criticized, as though it were a mere portrait. Of the Transfiguration he says:

The mighty presences of Moses and Elias were softened by introductions of delicate grace adopted from dancing nymphs and VOL. XXXII.

rising auroras. Do but try to believe that Moses and Elias were really there talking with Christ—Moses in the loveliest heart and midst of the land which once it had been denied him to behold—Elias treading the earth again, from which he had been swept to Heaven in fire—mightier in closing their own mission—mightier in speaking to Christ of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. They, men of like passions once with us, appointed to speak to the Redeemer of His death. And then, look at Raphael's kicking gracefulness.

Astoundingly beautiful as the Transfiguration is, even any captious child could go on endlessly carping at its details, and naming points in which it falls short of the deep mysteries implied in the Gospel narrative. The position of the hands and feet and the whole attitude of our Lord's body which reminds Mr. Ruskin of dancing nymphs and rising auroras, is intended by Raphael to suggest the contrast, yet the connection between Thabor and Calvary. One foot is just in the position we see it on the Cross. Not so the other, lest there should be too stiff and formal an imitation of the Crucifixion. The hands are almost exactly as on the Cross, and the head raised as when crying, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," but all is bathed in light and beauty. Could any modern school of art even with Mr. Ruskin to prompt it produce a religious picture to compare to it? Before the time of Raphael, great artists had their pupils, but, not only had Raphael pupils, he became the founder of a great school of painting, the grandest, perhaps, the world will ever see, precisely because he introduced so much science into art. It could not have been otherwise. But, this should hardly bring him under the censure of the great English promoter of art schools. How unworthy of a great art-judge, to upbraid it with its indispensable mechanical subtlety and craft! And that such injustice should be stereotyped in the rich classical language of Mr. Ruskin is a calamity.

The curious thing is that it is not malice but the genuine blindness of an acute intellect unusually susceptible to the beautiful in religious art. A blindness produced by the Elizabethan tradition. He has the assurance to tell us that the healthy religion of the world did at once, just as he has done, and rejected the spurious art of Raphael and his school.

The necessary result of it [Raphael's art] was the instant rejection of it by the healthy religion of the world. Raphael ministered with applause to the impious luxury of the Vatican, but was trampled under foot by every believing and advancing Christian of his own and

subsequent times; and thence forward pure Christianity and high art took separate roads, and fared on as best they might, independently of each other.

That can only mean that Protestantism has never succeeded in producing a religious picture that reflects one ray of religious inspiration, and for the most part have been contented for three hundred years with engravings and lithographs of these same masterpieces of Raphael.

In the appendix to his work on the elements of drawing Mr. Ruskin says: "You may look for examples of evil, with safe universality of reprobation, being sure that everything you see is bad, at Dominichino," &c. Everyone knows, at least in engravings, the Communion of St. Jerome by Dominichino, and any Catholic must see that in that picture the sense of the Eucharistic Presence is so intense, that a non-Catholic whatever his artistic ability and taste must be at a loss to penetrate its sublimely religious aspect. It is easy to conceive the position of the saintly ascetic St. Augustine, in his Confessions, shutting his eyes to all earthly beauty and crying out for only that light "which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world:" or, to understand that which Cardinal Newman puts so clearly in his University Education discourses, that all the fine arts, architecture, music, and especially painting, are in danger of secularizing and sensualizing their ministrations to religion. But neither of these is Mr. Ruskin's position. He is not contented with the philosophical generalization of the latter, much less with the ascetical renunciation of the former. His eloquence and his hereditary tradition require the immolation of a living victim, and he chooses one worthy of the occasion.

To this day, the clear and tasteless poison of the art of Raphael infects with sleep of infidelity the hearts of millions of Christians.

The works of Raphael and his school could scarcely have been more thoroughly adopted than they have been, by the Catholic Church or more closely associated with the devotions of her children. How many saints must have poured out the fervour of their hearts before the Madonnas and Mater Dolorosas that Mr. Ruskin handles so ruthlessly!

He [the artist of Raphael's school] could think of the Madonna now very calmly, with no desire to pour out the treasures of earth at her feet, or crown her brows with the golden shafts of heaven. He could think of her as an available subject for the display of transparent shadows, skilful tints, and scientific foreshortenings—as a fair woman, forming, if well painted, a pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir, and best imagined by combination of the beauties of the prettiest contadinas. He could think of her in her last maternal agony, with academical discrimination; sketch in first her skeleton, invest her in serene science with the muscles of misery and the fibres of sorrow, then cast the grace of antique drapery over the nakedness of her desolation and fulfil with studious lustre of tears and delicately painted pallor the perfect type of the Mater Dolorosa. It was thus that Raphael thought of the Madonna.

When one realizes how emphatically Rome has always maintained its sacred character as the Holy City, the heart of the Catholic world and the home of the saints: while, at the same time, it has been the vast treasure-house of all that is most fascinating in Pagan art, it fills one with a wonder akin to that which is excited when reading of the three holy men walking unscathed amidst the flames of the fiery furnace. So, the wonder is not that the works of Raphael should, when contrasted with earlier art, show unmistakeable traces of the effect of the Renaissance, but that, endowed with his wonderful gifts, and standing, as he did, in the full tide of that great classical revival, his pictures should be so radiant with the light of religious inspiration, that, as witnesses affirm, when the veil is withdrawn from before his Madonna of San Sisto, all present are struck with a sense of awe and silent reverence, which could not be inspired by the representation of mere earthly beauty.

Raphael is not responsible for the evils of the Renaissance, nor could he without the sanctity of a Fra Angelico help being influenced by it. But only a genius like his could have forced the old heathen deity, Pagan art, in the first fervour of its resuscitation to pay such becoming homage to Christianity as Raphael did.

The infidel democrats of the day would persuade us that the Catholic Church is responsible for all the evils of society; and Mr. Ruskin, an exceptionally religious man and ultra-Conservative, would make the Catholic Church answerable for whatever is earthly and sensual in the works of Raphael. But one shudders to think what such colossal geniuses as Raphael would have produced had it not been for the Catholic faith in their hearts and the guiding arm of the Catholic Church.

# An Englishman's Impressions of America.

#### No. VI.—CATHOLICITY IN AMERICA.

I COMMENCED my last article by reminding my readers of the deceptive nature of external religious phenomena. If this is the case with the phenomena of Protestantism, it is far more true in respect of the phenomena of Catholicity. It is impossible to arrive at any reliable conclusion from appearances. Under a great show of prosperity there may lurk elements of weakness destined ere long to crumble the fabric into ruins, and on the other hand there may be influences at work beneath the surface which are soon to produce a rich harvest where all looks barren and unfruitful.

The hard dry facts of statistics are not themselves exempt from this power to lead the inquirer astray. Nothing is more difficult than to collect accurate religious statistics, and the statistics which are accurate are sometimes the most misleading of all. The opinions even of the best informed and most intelligent men are prone to be influenced by their own limited experience and by the circumstances in which they are placed, and there are few who can resist the strong impression left by some striking facts which have recently come under their notice. A few hardened sinners, resisting every appeal, will drive many a priest to think for a time that all his efforts are in vain; a few promising converts will encourage him to hope for a "second spring." A few instances of loss of faith, or of some unexpected abyss of vice, will produce for a time a conviction that faith is fast fading away, or that morality is set at nought by the whole community.

It is, therefore, most necessary to be on one's guard in any attempt to estimate the religious condition of a country. There are, it is true, certain external facts which are always encouraging, and which point to perseverance or loss of faith in the future. But these are hard to ascertain if spread over any extent of country. They prevail here and are wanting

elsewhere; they are found in abundance at one time, and a few years afterwards seem to have dwindled to nothing; they are in full force during the office of one who is exceptionally energetic and devoted, and disappear under his less active and zealous successor. In fact it is difficult to find any one set of phenomena which can really be relied on as an evidence of the influence of the Faith from which they spring. If we go the round in European countries of signs generally regarded as indicating a happy future, we shall find that there are scarce any which events have not robbed of their value as prospective proofs. Magnificent churches springing up everywhere, built by the generous contributions of a liberal people; priests, monks, and nuns in abundance and superabundance; bishops and clergy living holy and devoted lives, and earning universal respect by their learning and their piety; a Government thoroughly Catholic, churches crowded, devotion the most edifying, the sacraments frequented, works of charity abounding-all these are compatible with a very unstable condition of equilibrium on the part of religion in the country where they prevail. France could show most of them before the Revolution of 1789, even at the time when she was on the brink of the abyss.

Yet of these external signs of internal well-being there are some which seem to me to be important before the rest, and to afford a more reliable indication of the condition of religion in any country where they prevail. When these are found together, I think we may augur a prosperous future for religion; even taken separately each of them is at least a hopeful sign, even

though not infallible.

First and foremost of these is submission to the Holy See. It was England's proud dislike of the interference of a foreign ecclesiastic which subverted her faith far more than any other adverse influence. Lollardy would never have succeeded as it did in undermining Faith had the country at large been loyal to Rome. The disloyalty of Jansenism was the precursor of the Reign of Terror. Where the authority of Rome is firmly rooted in the hearts of a nation there is not much reason for alarm, even though other influences unfavourable to religion are at work. Where the national spirit is stronger than the Catholic spirit, where the hearts of a people crave after ecclesiastical independence, we may expect a religious decadence near at hand.

To this must be added, in the second place, a high tone of morality. Where this is not found, there is no chance of finding the spirit of submission. Disloyalty to the Church in its Head and Supreme Ruler almost always begins with disobedience to the moral law. The concupiscence of the flesh is always the companion and ally of pride of life. Where moral evil reigns, Christ and His Vicar have to abdicate, faith decays, and the first storm lays prostrate the tree rotten at its core.

Now these two notes or marks of a nation's religious condition in the present and prospects in the future are mainly dependent on another influence, which is all-powerful to mould it for good or for evil. It is the state of education in a country which determines the character of future generations more than any other external motive power-of home education primarily, and of school education as taking up and carrying out the training of home, and as giving that which parents are unable to give to their children themselves, but which they give vicariously by selecting the school to which their children are sent. Where fathers and mothers are good, religion has an almost infallible and unassailable rampart against the foe; where they are careless and indifferent, the chances of the children turning out well are, as a rule, very small. But as the character of the parents is the unknown quantity which we are in search of in order to ascertain the religious character of the nation at large, we must find some more palpable touchstone of the future of their children. We must look to the educators whom they select for their children. Where the schools in which youth are trained are thoroughly Catholic in tone; where the religious and moral training is put in the first place and all else is made subservient to this; where obedience and submission and purity are put forward as lessons far more important to learn than mere secular learning; where the dogmas of the Faith are laid down as first principles excelling in certitude and importance the laws of language or of science; where the young are taught that reason should regard Faith as her mistress and queen, not as dependent on her, or perhaps as a rival or even as an enemy; where loyalty to Rome comes before all other loyalty, and the interests of the Church are preferred to all other interests-in other words, where schools and education are Christian and Catholic, there religion has the fairest prospects of a joyful future and of a long-continued supremacy.

I have found it necessary to lay down these principles in order to enable my readers to follow me in my estimate of the condition of Catholicity in America. I am most

anxious to found my conclusions on a solid basis. The question is not only one of intense interest, but it has a practical bearing on a much disputed question. If the Church is destined to triumph in America, if her progress is undoubted, the emigrant ship which carries across the Atlantic the surplus population of Catholic Germany, or the struggling peasantry of Ireland, is doing a good work in the spiritual as well as in the natural order. It is hastening on the triumph of Catholicity in America. It is providing for future generations not only a home of material prosperity, where they shall be free from the poverty and misery to which they were subject in Europe, but a home where hereafter religious freedom in its true and Catholic sense shall gain the victory over the direct and indirect disadvantages to which in most countries in Europe the Church is subjected.

But if on the contrary the progress of Catholicity in the States is more apparent than real, if in each successive generation the loss to the Church is far greater than the gain, if faith seems to fade away under the unfavourable influences, both positive and negative, which it encounters in American cities, then emigration is a misery and a misfortune, even though the emigrants should build up splendid fortunes and achieve the most glorious material success. A necessary misery and misfortune perhaps, if it is the result of an inevitable law, but a very unnecessary and a thrice mischievous one if, in defiance of sound economic laws, it is fostered by a policy which seeks to turn into a vast grazing field the land which under happier and Catholic influences would be covered with smiling farms and flourishing villages and towns increasing in numbers and in wealth.

In order to estimate the progress of the Catholic religion in the United States there are three questions for us to answer.

- I. What is the proportion of Catholics to the whole population of the States? have they increased in proportion to the increase of the general population during the last fifty years?
- 2. Is this increase due to internal development or to immigration?
- 3. Are there reasons to hope that under the present course of events the proportion of Catholics to the rest of the population will continuously increase?

The first of these questions is easily answered. The total

number of Catholics in America is now about six and a half millions, or 13 per cent. of the whole population. In 1835 the Catholics amounted to about half a million, or 3'9 per cent. So far our statistics are eminently satisfactory. Catholics have increased more than four times as fast as the non-Catholics around them. If the proportion of increase continues for another fifty years, the Catholics of America will find themselves in a majority of the inhabitants of the country.

And here before I proceed, I must bear my personal testimony to the splendid growth of Catholic organization throughout the States. Not a city where Catholic churches are not springing up on every side; not a diocese where priests are not increasing in numbers; within fifteen years the number of churches throughout the States has almost doubled, and the increase in the clergy is equally encouraging. Everywhere there is a religious activity which must impress the traveller. Everywhere works of charity are liberally supported. Everywhere new convents are being founded, and the various religious orders are extending their influence and founding new houses, Christian Brothers are devoting themselves to the self-denving work of education. Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Nuns of the Sacred Heart and of Notre Dame, are winning over the American mind to respect, admire, and value them. In the diocese of New York there are over seventeen hundred religious women. In each of the dioceses of Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Cincinnati there are over one thousand. The magnificent Cathedral of New York bears witness to the generosity of the Catholics of the city. The other great cities have cathedrals which, if they do not rival that of New York, are handsome, spacious, and costly. Colleges and schools are being multiplied on every side, and the higher education is making steady progress.

The congregations in the Catholic churches are also a most consoling sight. Go into the church attached to the College of St. Ignatius in Chicago, or into the Cathedral of the little city of Detroit on Christmas morning, and you will see a sight to gladden the Catholic heart. It is a cold frosty morning, and the wintry wind sweeps through the snow-laden streets: a morning to keep all comfort-loving souls at home, at least until the hour of mid-day draws near, and the obligation of hearing Mass enforces their presence at the mid-day Mass. But at present it is far from mid-day, it is still

night, and chimes of joy are ringing through the frosty air. For an hour past a stream of pious worshippers have been wending their way to the house where God dwells. There is a Solemn Mass at 5 a.m., and men, women, and children are flocking thither. We enter the church soon after five has struck. It is crowded to overflowing. Those present are to be numbered by thousands rather than by hundreds. The church is all ablaze with light, and a perfect crowd of acolytes and torchbearers in scarlet and purple cassocks throng the sanctuary in picturesque assembly. Sweetly rings the Adeste Fideles from the choir, and a perfect roar of voices at the end of each verse echoes the Venite adoremus. Look at the congregation-there are no mere sightseers there, save a handful of Protestants standing round the door and gazing all a-gape at what is indeed a glorious sight. At length the bell rings the Domine non sum dignus. The stream, the throng of communicants includes nearly all of that enormous congregation. Not women chiefly, scarcely a majority of the pious female sex-but old men, men in the prime of life, men in their early manhood, youths and boys, and innocent children. Three priests come in to assist the celebrant in giving Communion, and he, as the Mass has already been a long one, administers to a few railfulls and then returns to the altar. But the assistants go on with that work of love which seems as if it would never end. On and still on follows the unceasing stream of those who come to receive their God. On and still on, though the Mass is over, and the long procession has wound its way out from the sanctuary-on and still on, though another Mass has now begun -on and still on, until once more the Domine non sum dignus is said, and a fresh stream of communicants mingles with those who have been patiently waiting their turn ever since the High Mass began. It is a sight to gladden the heart of every Catholic, a sight to give joy to Angels and Saints in Heaven, a sight, too, which may be witnessed in almost every large city in America, a sight which makes him who sees it feel inclined to say that there is in God's providence, the almost certain hope of a glorious future for the Church in America, and that perhaps by God's mercy we shall one day see the provinces of that mighty Continent become the Kingdoms of God and of His Church.

Or go again into one of the parishes in the heart of New York city, and seek out the Church of the Immaculate Con-

ception in Fourteenth Street. Ask the zealous and indefatigable pastor to show you the schools attached to his mission. In a building hard by the presbytery, which is quite perplexing to the stranger by its innumerable number of class-rooms and countless passages and staircases and floors, you will find between two and three thousand children assembled. Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity superintend the work, and quite a crowd of trained secular teachers assist them. All is beautifully organized, the children bright and happy, intelligent and well-looking, ready to answer questions in any of their lessons, and especially in their Catechism. What a privilege to bring up those two thousand children and more in the love and fear of God, to save them from the streets and from the public school! Most of the older children are total abstainers. They are for the greater part of Irish parentage, and their parents belong to the working class. There is a scattering of other nationalities-a stray English child or two and half a dozen little Italians and a few Germans. One or two (not of the Irish) are Protestants, but not likely to remain so long in an atmosphere like this. We feel inclined to say as we pass from room to room: Here is the hope of America in the future: from schools like this will proceed the sinew and muscle of a Catholicity which will go on gaining ground from year to year.

Yet in spite of encouraging scenes like these, in spite of the ever-increasing prominence of the Church in America, I am sorry to say that I am unable to take as cheerful a view of the present or as hopeful a view of the future as first impressions seemed to justify. The further I penetrated into the country, the more I saw of one great city after another, the more I found myself compelled by the stern logic of facts to set aside my too brilliant expectations respecting the victory of Truth over error in that great continent. I may be wrong in my conclusions; I hope with all my heart that my fears are ill-founded, and that I am too much inclined to look at the dark side of the question. But I am sure that my readers desire only the sincere expression of my honest opinion. It is folly to cry peace, where there is no peace.

I will now proceed to explain the basis of my hopes and fears.

An American paper has recently made an estimate of the number of Catholics who ought to be found in America. The foreign born residents in 1880 amounted to over six and a half millions, of whom about half are Catholics. The foreign born

residents at the same date, plus their American born children, were fifteen millions, which would give seven and a half million Catholics of foreign parentage residing in the States four years ago. Add to these the native American population, which in 1835 amounted to little over half a million, and according to the average rate of increase would now be between three and four times that number;1 and also the Catholic settlers since 1880 who amount to about half a million more. We say nothing of the converts, who amount to a very considerable number, though we do not venture any estimate of it, or the children of mixed marriages, to whom the Church has a right, and who at least ought to be brought up as Catholics, if the Catholic parent is faithful to his or her duty. Even apart from these, the total number of Americans who ought to be Catholics must amount to nearly ten millions, and these included, to a good many more.

Now what are the actual numbers? According to the Catholic Directory, there are at present in America, not ten million Catholics and more, but only six millions and a half. Mr. Mulhall, in his Statistical Dictionary, arrives at very nearly the same results, and we may therefore regard the statistics of

the Directory as fairly accurate.2

What does this mean? It means that hundreds of thousands, not to say millions, in America, who ought to be Catholics, have voluntarily relinquished, or been robbed of their inheritance of Faith! Some of them have drifted away from the belief of their childhood on the fatal tide of worldly interest, or ambition, or passion; some of them through no fault of their own have been swallowed up in the flood of hostile influences or by the bigotry of Protestant proselytism. Some were taught from their childhood to hate the religion of their forefathers; others lapsed into indifference in the absence of all opportunities of practising their religion; some were led astray by the specious teaching of the sceptic; others were brought up in schools and colleges where the name of God was unknown and religion was a tabooed subject. In one way or another two

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In 1840 the Catholic population was estimated by Archbishop Hughes at one million. As the calculation made in 1835 was based on the Church accommodation, which was then miserably insufficient, it is probable that the Catholics at that time were more numerous than would appear from the statistics.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> I have seen this estimate disputed more than once in American Catholic papers as insufficient. I hope it may be so, but the coincidence of the two independent calculations, and Mr. Mulhall's unrivalled accuracy as a statistician, make me inclined to believe that the number is not very much below the truth.

or three millions or more of the Church's children have now become her enemies, or if not her open enemies, yet are torn irrevocably from her bosom and are deserters from the standard of faith.

Not that the change came all at once. Rarely did those who had been brought up in Kerry or Mayo fall away themselves from their religion. Rarely indeed did the Catholic emigrants from Rhineland or Tyrol lose the faith of their dear father-Too many indeed ceased to practise their religion; but only one here and one there abandoned the name of Catholic and ceased to give in their adherence to the Divine Teacher. But away from church or priest they grew indifferent: fainter and fainter burned the light of faith: little by little they lost their appreciation of the priceless treasure of Catholic belief. The supernatural became subordinated to the natural: material prosperity became more important in their eyes than any spiritual advantages for themselves and their children. When it was a question of a Catholic or Protestant education for their children, they considered rather which of the two would be most likely to further their worldly success. The natural result of this was that the children grew up untrained in their religion. The catechism was relegated to Sundays, or perhaps not taught at all. The same indifference of the parents made them careless to guard the purity of their children, and the second generation became notorious for their abandonment of the Faith, for their immorality, and in some cities for their degradation, lawlessness, and crime. When they became fathers and mothers, their children proved even worse than the parents, not perhaps in their outward conduct or in their relations to society, but in their complete and entire loss of Faith. I know that there were many exceptions to this rule, and I have heard it stated on good authority that when the children fell away the grandchildren in many cases returned to their allegiance by some happy law of hereditary reversion. But this was not sufficiently often the case to prevent the wholesale defection which has reduced the number of American Catholics to a number very far short of what they would have seen, had they not been weighted by the disadvantages of which I am going to speak,3

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> I have heard an American priest assess the defections in former years at 90 per cent., and though I hope and believe that his estimate was altogether too large, even at the worst times, yet he was a man whose long experience gave weight to his almost despairing estimate of the history of the past.

What are the causes of this lamentable defection? In former times the scarcity of priests was sufficient to account for it, and even now there are many districts where the number of priests is altogether below that which is necessary in order that the wants of the people may be duly provided for. For the country in general we find the proportion of priests to people is a little more than I: 1,000. This would be sufficient if we had not to substract from the missionary priests a large number who are sick or infirm, and a larger number still who are engaged in teaching or other special work. Colleges, seminaries, asylums, hospitals, convents, subtract from the available parochial priests a very considerable proportion, and the actual number of those engaged in mission work cannot be much above I: 2,000 of the population. When we remember the enormous extent of territory over which the six million Catholics are scattered, and that in many thinly-populated districts a priest has hard work to minister to five hundred or seven hundred souls, it is clear that there is still a very insufficient supply.

But this is an evil which by God's mercy is diminishing day by day. It may have been a cause of much decay of faith in the past, but it can scarcely be said to be so in the present. There are other causes at work far more destructive of the souls of

Catholics than the difficulty of finding priests.

One of the chief dangers to faith throughout the country arises from the engrossing devotion of the nation in general to mere material and temporal interests. America is in point of material prosperity far ahead of all other nations. Her most prominent men are men who have realized enormous fortunes or who have by their determined and persevering industry worked their way upwards. There are exceptions to this rule; General Sherman is a man who won his position by his military genius; General Butler was brought into notice by his energy and success as a commander of the Northern troops. Literary men, poets and novelists, historians and humorists, have, by the force of their genius, taken their places among the first ranks of the American nation, and indeed of their compeers in every nation,

But in general the spirit of America is keenly commercial, and the activity of the nation is directed into the channel of an ever-increasing devotion to business pursuits. It is the result of the circumstances of the country, of her unbounded resources, and unlimited field for fresh activity, and the rich return with which she is ready to compensate the man who devotes himself

to the development of the treasures that lie around him. Perhaps the exhilarating climate, stimulating to activity of body. and still more of brain, tends to the same end. Now it is quite true that in commerce there is nothing essentially unfavourable to the Catholic spirit. The commercial class has some advantages in point of religion, which are lacking alike to peer and peasant. But in a Protestant nation where five out of six are Protestants, where the whole tone is Protestant, and the very atmosphere is opposed to the supernatural, this commercial activity is so exclusively the object of men's lives, that it becomes almost a matter of course that every other consideration should give way to it, and that the Catholic population living among Protestants should be carried away by the stream. The young Catholic in store or office or bank drinks in the prevalent idea that worldly success is the main end of life, and his hold on the supernatural becomes weakened, and perhaps in the end he loses it altogether. This world's interests become absorbing, and he seems to have no time or thoughts left for the interests which concern the world invisible, and so the invisible becomes ever more and more out of sight, and at last he declares that he looks up to heaven and finds there nothing but thick darkness.

Add to this another important consideration. In many cities of America to be a Catholic involves a certain social inferiority. It is not the case everywhere: in some parts there still lingers among the Catholic population the memory of their ancestors, driven forth by persecuting England or revolutionary France. Once English nobles or French aristocrats, their children still retain a sort of hereditary dignity. The old Catholic families of Maryland, Missouri, and Michigan have still their representatives among the best families of Baltimore, St. Louis, and Detroit. In New Orleans this is still more the case. But in most American cities, there is no such aristocratic flavour about the Catholic name. Most of the Catholics are immigrants from Germany or Ireland, and belong to the poorer, if not the poorest classes in their native land. In Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, to be a Catholic in nine cases out of ten means to belong to the lower class. In Chicago this is more the case than it was some twenty years ago. I was informed on the best authority that at that time there was more land in Catholic hands than there is now. Somehow or other, the more enterprising American Protestant has ousted the Catholic landholders of that rising and industrial city. The result of all this is

that a great many weak-kneed Catholics, whose business qualities have enabled them to attain a good position in the various cities, have deserted their faith for social reasons. They had not the courage to endure the sort of reproach that it involved. They feared it might be a hindrance to their desire to make their way into the best society. Some have even changed their Irish names into something more fashionable and more Ameri-Not that America in general has social prejudices; but it was only natural that certain associations should cling to the name of Catholic where most of the labourers are Catholics, most of the "helps" or servant-girls are Catholics, most of the lower class of artisans and mechanics were Catholics, while among those who held a good position and were rich, among those who were well-educated and refined, very few were Catholics. Where this was the case it was impossible that the name of Catholic should not be regarded generally as a mark of inferiority in the social and intellectual scale. This necessarily is a serious obstacle to its success.

There is another element of American character respecting which I have often asked myself whether it was on the whole prejudicial to Catholicity or not. The independence and selfreliance of American character is in many respects an admirable trait. There is so much self-respect in every class. The class of "roughs" which in England is a very large one, scarcely exists at all. Ruffians there are enough and to spare in the big cities, thieves and bullies and men who live by violence and dishonesty. But one never encounters the boys and young men who are ready to insult the passer-by just for the fun of the thing, and who are the curse of some parts of London on a Sunday evening. It is one of the best traits in America that there is not that barbarous spirit of lawlessness which now and then breaks out in Europe. When there is a riot in America it is a display of popular indignation against some real abuse. It is a protest of the law-makers against those who have in their opinion set aside and violated the law. The Cincinnati riots were an expression of the wrath of the people against the judicial corruption or inefficiency which allowed murderers to escape unpunished. But while there is no lawlessness, this is because the laws are the people's laws. It is the uncrowned King respecting his own sceptre. Now the Church's laws have a different origin. Though in one sense they are the people's laws, yet they are imposed at the same time from above, by an authority which cannot be called in question by its subjects. American notions respecting law have to be set aside when applied to ecclesiastical law. The American view of obedience to civil law is that the law is the people's law framed by the people's representatives for the people's good, and therefore I, as a sensible self-respecting man, must obey it whether I like it or not. 1 am free to criticize the law, and get it abolished if I can; but according to the constitution of the United States (which I regard as the most perfect of all constitutions) I am bound to submit to the will of the majority of the people, and I do so as a self-respecting American citizen. But can I apply the same sort of argument to matters ecclesiastical? Is it a safe attitude in respect of the Church's laws to criticize them and wish to get them abolished? Are they my laws in at all the same sense in which the laws of my country are my laws, framed by me through those who represent me in Congress or in State Legislature?

Hence arises a tendency to resent, in the Church's legislation, her attitude of independence of and irresponsibility to her members. The American is not used to it. It is altogether a foreign notion to the American mind. In the civil order law is the voice of those subject to the law, and they can change it when they see fit. In the spiritual order law is in no way dependent on the voice of those subject to the law, and they cannot change a tittle of it at their pleasure. This makes it much more difficult for them to submit; their independence of mind has a tendency to force its way into a sphere where independence is inadmissible.

But there is a far more serious influence at work in the great cities of America, which tends to first weaken and then destroy faith. It is an evil which increases day by day. It is an evil which has more power than any other to sap the foundations of faith in the mass of the people. It is an evil which for many reasons I would fain pass over, but which I cannot pass over in any analysis of the influences hostile to the spread of the Catholic religion in the States. It is an evil which seems to be gaining ground all over the world, and which threatens in time to wreck modern society altogether, as it wrecked the society of Rome and Greece. Of all the influences which are separating America from the Church there is none so fatal as the vice and corruption of the large cities, and especially the vice and corruption prevalent among the young. It is a subject most

painful-I had almost said most heartrending-to one who loves the souls for which Jesus Christ shed His Blood upon the Cross; it is a subject, too, in which few can realize the wholesale degradation of the younger generation save the physician of souls or of bodies, the priest or the doctor, to whom the sinner is led by the soul stricken with remorse or the body enfeebled by disease. I am not concerned with any comparison between the morality of England and of America. They are both bad enough, God knows. What else can we expect in big cities where the mass of the population is Protestant, and where the lower classes in general are left to grow up without restraint, without religious teaching, without any idea of what sin is and what is its foulness in the sight of God and of the Court of There is another comparison with which I am concerned. From the simple innocence of their peasant homes, from the watchful care of the village pastor, from the holy and sweet influences of Catholic teaching, Catholic atmosphere, a country the most Catholic of all countries in the world, from the almost primitive simplicity of morals which the land of St. Patrick has never lost, and through God's mercy will never lose -hundreds and thousands every year emigrate or are emigrated to the shores of Canada and the States. By an unhappy fatality they crowd into the big cities, and there are sucked into the vortex of misery and sin. The very advantages of country and climate are turned by the devil to work his diabolical ends. The facilities for independence at an early age on account of the demand for labour-rich food in abundance instead of the potatoes and porridge of Ireland-the exhilarating climate-the habits of self-government—the freedom of intercourse between the sexes—all work to the prejudice of morality.

Here I must turn aside for a moment to what is regarded by outsiders as one of the unreasonable prejudices of the Irish Episcopacy and the Irish clergy—I mean their hatred of emigration. Those who are ignorant of the facts of the case—those who have not been behind the scenes—those who think first of material prosperity and regard the welfare of the soul as of little account—those who judge of the matter sitting at their ease at home, or who really are touched with the story of Irish distress and congested misery—wonder at the unalterable, ineffaceable hatred that the Irish pastors bear to the transportation of their flocks across the Atlantic, and why it is they would sooner see them half-starved at home than prosperous in the cities of America. I think I can throw some light on this

extraordinary prejudice. A traveller in Donegal not long since asked a parish priest of a large village there respecting the general morality of the country, and was assured by him that the serious sins committed in his parish from one year's end to the other could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Another traveller asked a priest in one of the largest of the American cities a similar question, and the answer he received was that all the city through there were few boys of thirteen or fourteen who had not already lost their innocence. Out of our Catholic young men, said an American Bishop, I believe nine out of ten are practical infidels, or at least neglect the practice of their religion altogether. This loss of faith is in almost every case the result of previous moral corruption. Pittsburg, where there is a large Catholic population, is said to contain more bad houses, in proportion to the population, than any other city in the world, and the age at which boys begin to frequent them is scarcely credible. Cincinnati is not much better, and in Chicago I heard the saddest accounts of the unblushing effrontery of open vice.

But why need they go, I shall be asked, to the large cities? Send them to Canada, establish them on the Western farms where labour is in great demand, let them join the Catholic colony of Bishop Ireland, send them where they will remain under the care of the Catholic priest, and thus you will avoid those frightful evils, and yet secure to them the benefits of emigration. Admirable in theory but in practice of little avail! There may be a few hundreds here and there flourishing under the benevolent supervision of priest or bishop. general rule, whatever the cause may be, Irishmen will not remain in Canada. Out of those who emigrated there in the course of 1882, nearly half (I think 50,000 out of 114,000, but I am quoting the figures from memory) had crossed the American frontier before twelve months had passed. some other cause, which I do not pretend to explain, the proportion of Irish emigrants who settle in the cities of the States is lamentably great as compared with those who choose a country life. In this they afford a striking contrast with English emigrants, who are generally farmers. We often read brilliant accounts of the success of settlers who are emigrated by Mr. Tuke's benevolent exertions, or even by the Government Emigration Fund. I have no doubt that the elaborate care exercised by those who have devoted weeks and months to their charitable task ensures for those whom they send out a comfort-

able position. I would go farther and say that those whom the Government export fare in general unmeasureably better in America than they would have done at home, as regards their material and worldly success. Far removed from the pinch of poverty, and from the recurring famine from time to time. with good wages, plenteous food, and work to be had by all who are willing to work, they fare well enough as regards this No just complaint can be made by those who are induced to cross the Atlantic, that they have been allured from their homes by false or exaggerated representations. accounts sent home of their prosperity are true enough, and if they are selected instances, yet I do not think they are unfairly selected. But if we followed up the history of any cargo of emigrants sent forth from Mayo or Connemara, we should find after a few years, that while some few remained in Canada, or in some Catholic settlement in the States, keeping up to their religious duties and prosperous alike in soul and body, the great mass had either drifted into the big cities, or else were living in the country out of the reach of Catholic Church or Catholic school. Of these two latter alternatives I scarcely know which is the more prejudicial to faith and morals. In the cities the children grow up too often corrupt in morals, and through the corruption of their morality lose their faith; in country districts they lose their faith simply from lack of Catholic teaching, and when in later life they go, as most of them go, to find employment in the cities, they either are Catholics only nominally, or else are so ill-instructed in their religion and in their religious duties as to fall in most cases an easy prey to indifference, or vice, or even to open and professed infidelity.

It is this which seems to me the worst of all the miseries of wholesale eviction. It is not so much the children starving by the roadside and the delicate women turned out without food or shelter: it is not so much the breaking up of the ancestral home and the rending of the very heartstrings of those who, rightly or wrongly, regard their long tenure as constituting a sacred claim which it is a sort of sacrilege ruthlessly to set at nought: these are not the ultimate woes of eviction. It is not the piercing wail of old men and women left behind which makes God's minister unable to restrain his tears as he accompanies the sorrowful party back from the railway station where they have parted with son or daughter, bound for the distant shores of "New Ireland." This is but a transient

evil. It is not the houses standing empty and the cottages falling into ruin, for after all, if their inmates are benefited by their change of home, if boys and girls, who would have been miserable in their hopeless poverty at home, are to be happy and prosperous across the Atlantic, priests and bishops would rejoice at their departure. It is the knowledge that souls which would have been saved at home will be lost abroad: that boys and girls, who would at home have been reared in piety and purity, will too often learn all that is foul and impious in the tenement houses and courts and alleys of American cities; it is the sad prospect of young men who would at home have been stalwart champions and obedient sons of Holy Church, living riotously, setting the law of God at nought, drifting into infidelity, listening with laughter and applause to blasphemous, infidel lecturers like Ingersoll; it is the thought of poor girls, who at home would have been crowned with the beauteous crown of virgin modesty, now exposed to the corruptions of a large city, perhaps walking the streets in open sin; it is the number of baptized Catholics who live without God and die without hope. This it is which is the bitter reflection of the zealous pastor who sees the Irish peasants quit their homes in Mayo or Donegal for a home across the sea.

It is true that when whole families emigrate together some of these evils are diminished: that boy and girl emigrating on their own account are exposed to certain risks which are avoided when father and mother accompany their children, and the inmates of the old home in Ireland are transferred one and all to their new home in the States. But while some dangers are less, others are far greater. Those who have been carefully trained in the Catholic faith in their early days go out with an ægis which it is their own fault if they discard: whereas the children who emigrate with their parents in their early childhood incur a danger worse than almost all the dangers I have already mentioned: they run a risk more perilous to them than the temptations to immorality, neglect of religion, infidelity, indifference, which beset one who emigrates in early manhood or womanhood. This danger is one which is greater than any of those I have already mentioned as threatening the faith in America. I must reluctantly leave the consideration of it to a future number of THE MONTH.

### Five.

Five children played beside his door, Four merry lads, and one sweet maid; Five of them in those blissful days!—
"Thank God for five!" the father said.

The rosebuds oped to blossoms fair;
They smiled at life through springtide days;
And clust'ring round the old man's chair:—
"Thank God for five!" he softly says.

One at the trumpet's call first left—
A brave young soul!—his father's door;
They laid him with the lowly slain:—
"Thank God," he whispered; "for the four!"

The voice of storms have lulled to rest
Another on the wild green sea;
The father lifts his eyes to Heaven:—
"Thank God," he says; "I still have three!"

The maiden wore her bridal wreath But three short days; then gentle death Exchanged it for a fadeless crown:— "Two still remain!" the father saith.

Amidst the everlasting snows
One buried lies in ice-bound cleft;
They told the father, and he said:—
"Thank God! one of the five is left!"

The last within a cloistered cell Closed his mild eye, and bowed his head, And passed to endless bliss; "Thank God! There once were five," the father said.

On earth, he meekly gave them all, One gentle girl, four valiant men; In Heaven, once more he thanked his God, To him the five were given then.

FRANCES J. M. KERSHAW.

# A Modern Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

### PART III.-JERUSALEM.

THE first thought of a pilgrim on reaching Jerusalem is to hasten to the Basilica that incloses within its walls the most sacred places on earth; Calvary, where the Redemption of the world was accomplished, and the glorious Tomb from which our Lord arose triumphant. The Holy Sepulchre has been, for near two thousand years, the loadstone that has drawn towards it Christian hearts. To win it back from the infidel, in the ages of faith, nearly all Europe poured forth towards the East. The Mussulmans, to this day, have no other name for Jerusalem than El-Kods, The Holy, and, of the Holy City, this is the holiest place.

It is now inside the walls, though, at the time of our Lord's Passion, it was "without the gate." There is not the slightest foundation for the commonly received notion that Calvary was a high hill, at a certain distance from Jerusalem. Calvariæ locus—a place. Prope civitatem—near the city; just outside it. A mound, such as on all sides surround the walls of Jerusalem. Again, people are astonished that the Holy Sepulchre should be so near to Calvary; but, is it not said that "in the place where He was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a sepulchre"? In the place, that is, close to it.

The great Basilica built by Constantine was designed to inclose under one roof all the holy ground consecrated by the Death and Resurrection of our Divine Lord. It had in his time already undergone considerable changes. The Emperor Hadrian, in a vain attempt to stamp out the very memory of the Divine Founder of Christianity, caused to be erected on the site of the Crucifixion a temple dedicated to Venus, and over the Holy Sepulchre, one sacred to Jupiter. These heathen shrines, intended to desecrate the places the Christians held in veneration, served, by the providence of God, to point them out to the Empress Helena, who, causing the temples to be removed, discovered beneath the foundations and accumulated rubbish

the rock on which the Cross was raised and the Holy Sepulchre, which had been built over, but not destroyed.

When Constantine heard from his mother that her pious labours had been rewarded by this happy discovery, he wrote to Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, to spare no expense or pains in constructing on the holy ground a Basilica of surpassing magnificence. Completed in 335, it was razed to the ground in 604 by Chosröes, King of Persia, who carried off with him the relic of the True Cross. This was recovered by the Emperor Heraclius in 629, and replaced in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which had been rebuilt by Modestus, Bishop of Jerusalem. Unable, for want of means, to restore the grand Basilica of Constantine, Modestus was obliged to content himself with building four small churches; the Churches of the Holy Sepulchre, of Golgotha, of the Invention of the Holy Cross, and of the Blessed Virgin. These four churches were once more united under a single roof when the Crusaders became masters of the Holy City. The Basilica, many times partially destroyed and rebuilt, has undergone great vicissitudes, but the sacred spots, for ever hallowed by the Death and Resurrection of the Redeemer, have, from the beginning to this day, been surrounded by the love, the veneration, and devotion of Christians of all rites and nations. It was reserved for sceptics in this unbelieving age to attempt to raise doubts about that which from the beginning was never doubted. They are the only losers; they leave Jerusalem disappointed and disgusted, whilst the children of the Church, happy pilgrims of the love of our Divine Lord, carry away with them memories that will be a joy for ever.

It appears touching that the followers of the Prophet should keep watch over the Holy Sepulchre, and yet it is strange, on entering the church, to see a divan where Turks sit crosslegged, gravely smoking, warming themselves at braziers of charcoal, and drinking coffee. They keep the keys of the church, and open and close the doors when they see fit. The Father Custodian of the Holy Places, the Greek and the Armenian Patriarchs alone have the right to demand the opening when they desire it.

The immense size of the Basilica, the many chapels and crowds of sacred memories are at first overpowering and bewildering, but one spot above all others attracts and retains the pilgrim, the Holy Tomb where the Body of our Lord was

laid; the narrow chamber where He arose triumphant over death. O Mors, ubi est victoria tua?

We were in time to join the procession which the Franciscan Fathers make every afternoon, at four o'clock, to the various spots in the Basilica consecrated by the sufferings of our Divine Lord. Pilgrims who wish to take part in it receive at the door of the sacristy a lighted taper and a book of the hymns, antiphons and prayers that are chanted, which are very beautiful and touching. Starting from the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament, in the Latin Choir, and pausing before the altars commemorative of the flagellation of our Lord, His imprisonment and the division of His garments, the procession wends its way, chanting the Crux Fidelis, to the Chapel of the Invention of the Holy Cross. Deep in the rock on the Eastern side of Mount Calvary, the dark rough cavern remains much as it was when the Empress Helena, clearing away the accumulated rubbish, found the three crosses and the instruments of the Passion, in what was probably an ancient cistern, into which they had been thrown to get rid of all trace of the Crucifixion before the great day of the festival. The hymn and prayers ended, we ascend to the chapel of St. Helena, where it is said the holy Empress remained in prayer whilst the search for the Cross was going on, and then to the corridor above, where we visit an altar dedicated to the Crowning with Thorns. And now, to the song of the Vexilla Regis, we mount the steep steps leading to the summit of Calvary, and, whilst the incense ascends to heaven, all prostrate themselves and kiss the ground on the spot where the Divine Redeemer was nailed to the Cross, and again on that where the Cross was erected. How solemn and touching here sound the words: Hic expiravit, and the low murmured response: Adoramus Te, Christe, et benedicimus Tibi, quia per sanctam Crucem Tuam Hic redemisti mundum. Then down again to the Stone of Unction, which is just opposite the entrance of the Basilica. A large slab of red marble covers the flat stone on which, it is believed, the Body of our Lord was washed and anointed by Joseph and Nicodemus. Ten lamps hang around it, and all the faithful, Latins, Greeks, Copts, and Armenians, kneel to kiss it when they enter the church. It is an act of homage to the adorable Humanity of our Divine Lord. The beautiful hymn and antiphon ended, a joyous song of triumph is taken up as we pass to the Holy Sepulchre. The priests enter with incense, whilst all kneel around and the

antiphon is chanted: Dixit Angelus Hic mulieribus: Nolite expavescere, Jesum quæritis Nazarenum crucifixum: surrexit, non est Hic; ecce locus ubi posuerunt eum. Alleluia! Once more we move forward to the place where our Lord is supposed to have appeared to Mary Magdalen, to her who loved so much because so much had been forgiven. Lastly we return to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin to congratulate and rejoice with the Immaculate Mother on the glorious Resurrection of her Divine Son,

Gaude Virgo Mater Christi, Condemnatum quem vidisti Resurrexit sicut dixit.

and to offer the final prayers at the feet of our Lord in the Adorable Sacrament.

On returning to the hospice we found an obliging message from the Rev<sup>mo.</sup> Padre Custode, telling us he placed Frère Liévin entirely at our disposition to be our guide in the Holy City.

We are the only pilgrims at the Casa Nova. The long refectory, capable of dining a hundred people and not too large at Easter time, is chill when only two sit down to table. The Father Director comes in whilst we are at supper and chats half an hour with us. He does not cat with us. The rule of the Fathers of the Holy Land is austere, especially during Lent, when they never eat meat, even on Sundays. We have comfortable little rooms opening on one of the long corridors on the first-floor. There is a divan, or drawing-room, but too large and chill for a small party.

The Franciscan Convent is at a short distance from the Casa Nova. The church, San Salvatore, which is the Latin Parish Church, is small and out of repair, and a larger one is in course of construction. Many native Christians were already assembled when we went there next morning for early Mass. The Catholics in Jerusalem number about 1,700. There are 2,800 Greeks, and some 700 Armenians, Copts, and Syrians, whilst there are 12,000 Jews and 7,500 Turks.

On returning to the hospice we found Frère Liévin ready to conduct us. He is a Belgian, short, bright, active, and energetic. He has spent twenty years acting as guide to pilgrims in the Holy Land, has thoroughly studied all questions about the authenticity of the Sanctuaries, and has explored the country from east to west, and north to south. He is known and liked by everyone, and having once, as he confessed to us, broken his

stout staff over the heads of a troop of importunate beggars who mobbed and threatened him, even they leave him, and the

pilgrims he is conducting, in peace.

He led us first to the Tower of David, built by that King on the site of a more ancient fortress of the Jebusites. The lower tiers of the original walls, composed of massive blocks of stone, remain, braving time and vicissitude. The upper part is more modern. Here David appears to have built the house for the construction of which Hiram, King of Tyre, sent him materials, masons and carpenters, and from a terrace on the roof he looked down on the wife of Urias, whose house was just opposite. Here too he is said to have mourned and wept over his sin, and to have composed the psalms which are so perfect an expression of sorrow and penitence. Herod the Great added three other towers to the Citadel. They were called the tower Phasaël, the tower Mariamne, and the tower Hippicus; these have disappeared, but the foundations can be traced. The Tower of David is now used as barracks. As it stands on the most elevated point of the city the view from the battlements is magnificent.

We next visited the Convent of the Armenian Sisters of Charity. Their church is built on the site of the house of Annas, father-in-law to Caiaphas, to which our Lord was conducted when brought back from Gethsemane. In the centre of the church is a cistern of good water, with an iron cup attached, that pilgrims may drink. An inner oratory is the place where our Lord stood to be interrogated and where He received a blow from one of the soldiers. It is a quiet, retired little sanctuary, full of holy and pathetic memories. In an exterior courtyard stand some venerable olive trees, said to have sprung from those to which our Lord was tied whilst the Jews were deliberating about him. Near them is a mass of stones which formed part of the house of Annas.

We left the city by the Gate of Sion, and just beyond it reached the spot where the funeral procession of our Blessed Lady was stopped by a crowd of insulting Jews. One of them, a priest, went so far as to stretch forth his hand to seize the bier. The hand immediately became paralyzed and his companions were struck with blindness. Terrified at this sudden punishment they implored the intercession of the Apostles and were baptized. To perpetuate the memory of this miracle the early Christians raised an oratory, as they did in every place to which

pious remembrances were attached; but this sanctuary, with three hundred others which adorned the Holy City and the Mount of Olives, fell before the destroying rage of Chosröes in the beginning of the seventh century, and was never rebuilt. A fragment of column marks the site.

A few paces further and by a low iron door we enter the courtyard of an Armenian monastery which stands on the site of the House of Caiaphas. Warming himself at a fire in this courtyard, Peter denied his Master. We enter the church and stand where that Divine Master stood bound; where He was questioned, insulted, blind-folded, struck on the face. In this small room, now a chapel, He was shut up till morning dawned, when He was led before Pilate. Weary hours of waiting, forsaken by all and with the full prevision of the sufferings of the morrow. Sufferings willingly accepted that He could have escaped by a word, by an effort of the will. From the earliest times this sacred spot was held in veneration. St. Helena built a church on it, which was rebuilt after the destruction by It now belongs to the Armenians, but the Franciscans have the right to celebrate solemnly Divine Office and Mass, during twenty-four hours, at Whitsuntide. The stone which serves as an altar is that which closed the Holy Sepulchre and which was rolled back by the Angel. A portion of it is in the Chapel of the Angel at the Holy Sepulchre. It is a kind of reddish limestone. It originally stood in the Basilica and is described by St. Cyril.

The platform outside the monastery, now a Christian cemetery, is the ground on which Raymond of Toulouse encamped during the siege of Jerusalem and from which he led his forces to the attack.

At a short distance stood the house said to have been inhabited by the Blessed Virgin and St. John, and where she died. Two stones marked with a cross are all that remain to indicate the site. It is near the Cenaculum. Where else could the Mother of Jesus have desired to abide?

We pass through a group of houses into a courtyard, then ascend an exterior staircase to a little terrace, from which a door opens on the "upper room" where our Divine Lord celebrated the Passover, washed the feet of the Apostles, instituted the most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, appeared several times after His Resurrection, and gave to the Apostles authority to teach. Here, with the Blessed Mother and the holy

women, they awaited the promised coming of the Holy Ghost. An old tradition tells us that, after persevering in prayer for nine days, they began to be discouraged. "Holy Lady," they said to the Mother of Jesus, "we have prayed unceasingly and the Holy Spirit comes not, ask that He may delay no longer, God will listen to thee." And Mary prayed, and the Paraclete descended, and from that day to this Mary has presented the prayers of the faithful to God, and her intercession has ever been effectual.

The early Christians continued to use the Cenaculum as a place of meeting and it was called, with reason, the Mother Church. Here St. Peter first celebrated Mass and the Blessed Virgin received Holy Communion from his hand. It appears to have escaped destruction during the siege by Titus. St. Epiphanius tells us that the Emperor Hadrian, coming from Egypt, found Jerusalem in ruins, except a few houses, among which was the little church situated on the upper floor of the house to which the Apostles retired after the Ascension of their Divine Master. St. Helena reconstructed it in two stories as before. St. Jerome, St. Paula and all the early pilgrims came to pray in it, and to venerate the Column of the Flagellation, which had been transported hither. It was rebuilt by the Crusaders and served by Augustinian Canons until the fall of the Latin Kingdom, when it remained abandoned until St. Francis of Assisi, with some of his Friars Minor, came to live near it. They endured many persecutions at the hands of the Moslems, until Robert of Anjou and Sanchez his wife, in the year 1333, bought the Holy Places in Palestine of the reigning Sultan, for the sum of seventeen millions of golden pieces, and gave them to the Holy See on condition that the Franciscans should be their guardians for ever. This was confirmed by Clement the Sixth in 1342, and it was then the Franciscans built the present church with the materials of the previous churches, and founded their first convent, with a large establishment near it for the reception of pilgrims. Here for two hundred years they hospitably received all strangers who visited Jerusalem. They retained in the new church the original arrangement, a large upper room over two smaller vaulted rooms beneath. The Mussulmans having heard that one of these rooms contained the tomb of King David, or using that as a pretence, took forcible possession in 1551, driving out and massacring the greater number of the Franciscans,

who have so often watered with their blood the Holy Places committed to their guardianship. The church was then transformed into a mosque, and so it remains, a perpetual grief to Christians that in a sanctuary so venerable, so full of memories of our Divine Lord's love and tenderness, they should no longer be allowed to worship.

We are told that "David slept with his fathers and was buried in the City of David;" that is, on Mount Sion, but the exact place of his sepulture is unknown. The tomb shown in an adjoining room covered with rich stuff is only a cenotaph. The Mussulmans say the real tomb is in one of the rooms below. These they keep jealously locked up and refuse admittance.

The original circuit of walls as described by Josephus enclosed the whole of Mount Sion and likewise Mount Ophel, Jerusalem extending in those days southwards as far as the fountain of Siloe; whilst to the north it was bounded by a wall running straight from the Tower of David to the western gate of the Temple. A second wall built later, some fragments of which, to the East of the Holy Sepulchre, have been recently excavated, commenced at the Gate Gennath—Gate of the Gardens, and terminated at Fort Antonia. The third wall, built by Agrippa, included Mount Bezetha and part of Mount Gareb, and appears to have followed the present line of fortifications. At the time of our Lord, therefore, the Cenaculum, and other places we have been visiting, were within the city, whilst the north and north-western quarters, with the Holy Sepulchre, were without it.

Descending the slope of Mount Sion we reached a grotto, where, it is said, St. Peter, pierced to the heart by the look his Divine Master turned on him, retired to weep over his denial. Et capit flere—He began to weep. From that moment, we are told, his tears never ceased to flow. The maniple worn by the priest at Mass comes from the cloth he used to carry on his arm to wipe away the tears that blinded him whilst celebrating the Holy Sacrifice.

Returning through the Gate of Sion, we came to a Syrian monastery, to which is attached the residence of the Bishop. It stands on the site of the house of "Mary the mother of John, surnamed Mark." This St. Mark, the cousin and companion of St. Barnabas, became later Bishop of Phenicia. It was to his mother's house that St. Peter went when he was released from prison by the angel, and where Rhoda, beside herself with joy,

instead of opening the door, ran back to carry the good news to those who were assembled within praying. In the little church is a very ancient and beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin, said to be one of those painted by St. Luke. The face is full of

sweet dignity and majesty.

It is Friday, and the Stations of the Way of the Cross will begin at three o'clock. We go to the house of Pilate, which was situated in the Fortress Antonia, built by Herod the Great on the site of the more ancient tower Baris, at the north-western corner of the inclosure of the Temple. In what was the Pretorium, and is now a barrack yard, the little procession forms. The Franciscans and a few pilgrims, kneeling, begin the recital of the prayers of the Stations, whilst the Turkish soldiers stand around. So stood the Roman soldiers around our Divine Lord, whilst on this very spot the savage cry arose:

"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

Adoramus Te Christe, et benedicimus Tibi, quia per sanctam Crucem Tuam redemisti mundum. A few loving hearts followed Him then, St. John and the faithful women; so will we follow in His footsteps now. Over the slippery pavement, through the dirty streets and crowded bazaars, ever and anon pausing to kneel and recall some circumstance of His path of sorrow, to recite aloud the prayers and kiss the ground His adorable feet The level of the street has risen many feet, as is the case in all cities that have often been overthrown and rebuilt, but this is the true Via Dolorosa, the way the Divine Victim followed, carrying His Cross. Here it was placed on His shoulders, at the foot of the Scala Santa, now in Rome. Here He fell beneath its weight. Here the most sorrowful Mother saw Him pass, and, turning up this side street, met Him a little farther on. Here Simon of Cyrene, compelled to aid in carrying the heavy load of the Cross, found in it salvation. Here stood the house of St. Veronica. From this doorway, they say, she stepped forth quickly, full of pity and tenderness, to wipe the adorable Face of the Saviour. A little higher, at the end of the street, stood the Gate of Judgment, through which criminals were led to execution. Some great stones, traces of it, remain to mark the place where our Lord, falling a second time beneath the Cross, passed out of the guilty city that rejected Him, and turning towards the daughters of Jerusalem told them not to weep for Him, but for themselves and for their children. Beyond this point the road He followed is blocked by houses. We make a

round, ascend some rough steps, and find ourselves on the slope of Mount Calvary, at the door of an Armenian monastery, which bars the way, so we can only kneel outside, to call to mind the last fall of the Divine Master, and then descend again and take another road to reach the door of the Basilica. We mount the steep stairs, and prostrate ourselves on the sacred spots were our Lord was stripped of His garments, where He was nailed to the Cross, where He expired.

An ancient tradition, received by St. Basil and many of the Fathers, tells us that Adam having taken refuge in Judea, when expelled from the terrestrial Paradise, was buried in a cavern on Golgotha, exactly beneath the place where the Cross was planted. Thus the Blood of the second Adam, by which the human race was redeemed, flowed through the riven rock on the remains of the first Adam in whom it had sinned. The fissure, by which the veins of the rock are rent transversely, in a way that naturalists declare could not have been the effect of an ordinary earthquake, or of artificial means, can be plainly seen on Calvary, and again in the chapel of Adam immediately beneath. A Latin altar occupies the place of the Crucifixion, the Greeks have that where the Cross was erected, and between them a little altar of our Lady of Dolours stands where the most Sorrowful Mother received in her arms the Body of her Divine Son. With her, St. John and Joseph of Arimathea, we descend to "his own new monument, which he had hewed out in a rock." The monument is there—"the place where the Lord was laid." St. Helena, in building the Basilica, isolated it from the surrounding rock, so that it stands as a little edifice apart, the walls being still formed of the original rock, covered with marble to preserve them from injury. Had this not been done the devotion of innumerable pilgrims, in the course of ages, would probably have carried them away piecemeal. Let us not therefore complain that we may not press our lips on the very stone which received the Body of our Lord; we know it is there, beneath the marble slab, and we are satisfied.

When Bishop Arculf visited Jerusalem about A.D. 700, he found the Holy Sepulchre coated with choice marble up to the very top, but internally the stone remained in its original condition, still exhibiting the marks of the workman's tools. He describes the Tomb, "the place where the Lord was laid, within, on the north side, hewn out of the same rock, seven feet in length and rising three palms from the floor." Later we hear

of the whole being covered with marble, inside and out, to prevent it being broken "into pieces and powder by pilgrims." This marble coating was removed in 1555 in order to renew it, and the Holy Tomb was also uncovered. The Revmo. P. de Ragusa has left a letter in which he describes the condition in which it was found. "When we had removed the alabaster table with which St. Helena had covered the Holy Sepulchre, in order that Mass might be celebrated upon it, we saw uncovered the ineffable place in which our Lord reposed three days. It appeared to us all that Heaven opened before us. We could still discover traces of the Blood of our Saviour, mixed with the ointment that had served to embalm Him. In the middle of the Sacred Tomb we found a piece of wood wrapped up in linen. This, as soon as it was exposed to the air, fell into powder and there only remained in our hands the golden threads with which it had been interwoven. On the piece of wood there had been an inscription, which was so much worn away by time as to be illegible. At the top of a parchment which we also found in the Tomb we could read, in Latin capital letters, the words Helena Mag which led us to suppose the wood to have been a portion of the True Cross, found by the Empress Helena."

The Holy Tomb was again covered with a slab of marble, and over this the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, in turn,

place a portable altar when they celebrate Mass.

The Stations over, we went to the weeping place of the Jews. It is a long narrow space in front of a portion of the exterior wall of the Temple. It was bought from the Turks by the Jews that they might have one spot where they could lament undisturbed over the desolation of Sion. A number of Jews were collected there. Many of them were Poles, easily distinguishable by their furred robes and caps, their fair complexion and brown hair, of which a long tress hangs curling down over each ear. There were also Georgian Jews, tall, handsome men, with black Astracan hats, collars, and cuffs. One man would begin to pray aloud, in Hebrew, from a book, and the others would reply in a wailing tone, rocking themselves backwards and forwards, sometimes weeping, always keeping their faces turned towards the foundations of the Temple. The women stood in a separate group, mostly silent, with their lips pressed to the stones. Huge stones they are, of the time of King Solomon, solidly placed, each tier retreating a little behind the row below it, for greater strength. It was a touching spectacle. Strange that the Jews should every week select Friday, at three

o'clock, to begin their lamentations; the day and the hour when they crucified the Redeemer they rejected, and called down on themselves and their children the punishment over which they mourn. Let us listen to what they are saying.

> Because of the Temple which is destroyed, We sit solitary and we weep. Because of the walls that are broken down, We sit solitary and we weep. Because of our greatness which is past, We sit solitary and we weep. Because of our great men who have perished, We sit solitary and we weep. Because of the precious stones that are burnt, We sit solitary and we weep. Because of our priests who have fallen, We sit solitary and we weep. Because of our kings who have despised them, We sit solitary and we weep. We beseech Thee, have pity on Sion! Bring back the children of Jerusalem! Hasten, hasten, O Saviour of Sion! Speak in favour of Jerusalem! Let beauty and majesty surround Sion! Turn in Thy mercy towards Jerusalem! May the royal power be re-established in Sion! Console those who weep over Jerusalem! May peace and happiness return to Sion! And the sceptre of strength arise in Jerusalem!

We passed out at the neighbouring gate to look down on the Cedron and the valley of Josaphat, and then, returning to the city, went to the principal synagogue. Lamps were burning before the Holy Name of God; the Book of the Law was preserved in a tabernacle behind a silken curtain; many Jews were scattered about reading the Hebrew Scriptures.

The next morning at six Frère Liévin came to conduct us to the Holy Sepulchre. Mass was said above the Sacred Tomb where the Lord lay. We knelt in the outer chamber, just opposite the low arched opening cut out in the rock. How wonderful the thought that, at the moment of consecration, our Divine Lord, His adorable Divinity and Humanity, returned to occupy the narrow chamber where, conquering death, He arose glorious and triumphant. Happier than St. Mary Magdalen, who "stood without weeping," we were permitted, "stooping down," to enter and receive the Body of our Risen God. High Mass followed, the priest and acolyte entering, the choir remaining outside.

We went out again at eight with Frère Liévin, who is indefatigable in his zeal and kindness. Passing by the Via Dolorosa, we issued forth by the Eastern Gate. "Gate of the Flocks" it was called in the time of the Kings; by the Crusaders St. Stephen's Gate. The Arabs call it Bab es Sitta-na Maryam-"Gate of our Lady Mary," because it leads to the Sepulchre of the Blessed Virgin, whom they venerate as the Mother of the Prophet Jesus. We passed the place where St. Stephen is supposed to have been stoned, though another tradition places the scene of his martyrdom outside the Gate of Damascus. The Valley of Josaphat lay at our feet, before us the Mount of Olives. Crossing the now dry bed of the Cedron we began to ascend it. We turned to look back where our Lord wept over the fate of the city. "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" greater and more glorious it was then, but even now it is very beautiful. There is the Tower of David; there the place where the Temple stood, and where the Mosque of Omar now raises its grand dome against the sky; there the Golden Gate, by which our Lord entered on Palm Sunday; there the hills on which He so often looked. Montes in circuitu ejus. mount we are climbing, how familiar its name is to us, how we loved it before seeing it. It was familiar to Jesus. He could not go to Bethany without passing over a portion of it; He loved to retire to it to pray; it witnessed His mysterious Agony; it was the last spot on which His adorable feet rested. Here, blessing His disciples, He ascended into Heaven. No remnant now of the splendid Basilica built by St. Helena on the sacred spot, but a little octagonal mosque, standing in a courtyard, surrounded by a wall. It is part of a church raised by the Crusaders after the destruction by Hakim. In the centre of the octagon the Mussulmans have respected the flat rock from which our Lord ascended and which bears the impress of His foot, still discernible, though much worn by time and the lips of pilgrims. From the time of St. Jerome downwards the authenticity of this footprint has been credited. Here the Franciscans have the right to celebrate Divine Office and Mass, from the evening of the Vigil until mid-day on the feast of the Ascension. The Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and Syrians erect altars and celebrate Mass in the surrounding courtyard.

A little Arab village, Zeitoun, occupies another summit of the Mount of Olives, from it we had a fine view of the plain of Jericho, the valley of the Jordan, and the mountains of Ammon and Moab, with the Dead Sea glistening at their feet.

We next visited the Church of the Carmelite convent, built by the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, to replace a church, long since demolished, which marked the place where our Lord taught the *Pater*, for the second time, to His disciples. "And it came to pass that, as He was praying in a certain place, one of His disciples said to Him: Lord, teach us to pray." The *Pater* is inscribed on the walls of the cloister that surround the church in thirty-two different languages. The Flemish translation is the most concise; a proof, Frère Liévin declares, that it is the original language spoken by our first parents in Paradise! Beyond is another little chapel, also re-constructed, where the Apostles are supposed to have composed the Creed.

Olives still grow on the Holy Mount, but thinly and far apart; one loves to see them there. The Garden of Gethsemane is almost at the foot of the Mount of Olives. A portion of it belongs to the Franciscans, and is enclosed by a wall. We enter by a very low door; doors are made low in the East that the entrance may be more easily defended. The eight olive trees that remain have been surrounded by railings; it was necessary to do this to preserve them from being destroyed by the indiscreet devotion of pilgrims. Dear, venerable trees, that, as there is good reason to believe, stood here when our Divine Redeemer loved to pray beneath their shade. Their girth is enormous, the largest being twenty-five feet round. Quite hollow in the centre, they grow from the outside. The lay-brother, whose delightful task it is to take care of the garden, showed us the new wood of last year encircling the old trunk. The branches are lopped rather close every year to concentrate the vitality of the tree; they are covered with leaves and produce a fair crop of olives. The oil made from them and the stones of the fruit are reserved for the Padre Custode, who distributes them to pilgrims.

The grotto in which our Lord prayed during His Agony is at a short distance, outside the wall that encloses the olive trees, for the Garden of Gethsemane was doubtless much more extensive than the present small enclosure. I longed to visit it, yet should have been sorry to do so in a hurry, and the Church of the Assumption being open, Frère Liévin wished to take advantage of the opportunity, as it belongs to the Greeks and they frequently lock it up immediately after Mass and refuse admittance.

The Basilica built by the Empress Helena still exists, the upper portion only having been restored by the Crusaders. It is entered by a low, iron door, opening on a long, broad flight of

steps which lead down to the church. Partly excavated in the rock, and much below the level of the ground, it is only lighted by the lamps that burn there continually. It is in the form of a Latin cross. At the eastern side is the rock-hewn sepulchre in which the immaculate body of our Blessed Lady reposed until the angels came to carry her heavenwards, for how could she who was the Mother of Life remain the prey of death? Like the Holy Sepulchre it has been isolated from the surrounding rock. The exterior is covered with heavy tapestries; lifting them a little we can see and touch the rock. A small door admits to the interior, in which a Greek priest keeps watch. It is also hung with tapestry. The tomb itself is covered with slabs of marble, and forms an altar, richly decorated, above which many lamps are burning. This tomb was venerated from the earliest times of Christianity. The Empress Pulcheria having begged Juvenal, Bishop of Jerusalem, to send her some relics of the Mother of God, he, to satisfy her, opened the tomb, fully persuaded, however, that he should find it empty. In fact he found therein only some of the linen in which the holy body had been wrapped. Of this he sent a portion to the Empress, at the same time reproving her for her ignorance. "What," he wrote, "did you not know that the Blessed Virgin is in Heaven, body and soul, that you should ask for her relics?" Pulcheria, happy to possess all it was possible to obtain, built a church in Constantinople, in which she deposited the objects she had received.

Many times molested by Mussulmans and schismatics the Franciscans nevertheless retained this venerable sanctuary till 1759, when the Greeks took forcible possession of it, notwithstanding the firmans of the Porte confirming the rights of the Catholics. Now Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, and Copts have their respective altars, even the Turks, who greatly venerate the Mother of Jesus, have a place of prayer within its walls; only those to whom the church rightfully belongs have no part in it.

On either side of the stairs, as we ascend, is a small chapel; that on the right hand is said to be the burial place of St. Joseph and St. Simeon, that to the left of St. Joachim and St. Anne.

On the Saturdays in Lent the formal opening of the doors of the Holy Sepulchre is made for the Latin Patriarch. On reaching the square in front of the Basilica we found it occupied by a guard of Turkish soldiers. We had scarcely entered the church when the doors were shut, to be thrown open with great

ceremony on the arrival of Monsignor Bracco. He came preceded by Kawasses in gorgeous suits of blue and scarlet, richly braided with gold, sabres at their sides, and ponderous silver staves in their hands, which they strike on the pavement to clear the way, and followed by a numerous band of ecclesiastics, seminarists, and choristers in white cottas. After kneeling, as do all the faithful, at the stone of unction and in the Holy Sepulchre, he proceeded to the Latin choir, where seating himself, the clergy, the Franciscans, and afterwards all present, approached to kiss his hand and receive his blessing. Then the usual procession began, but with more than ordinary solemnity, the cathedral clergy uniting their voices with the Franciscans in singing the hymns and antiphons. Very beautiful and majestic it was as the long double file of vested priests, brown-robed friars and white clad boys, with cross and incense, swept down to the chapel of the Holy Cross, completely filling it, whilst the faithful, lighted tapers in hand, stood on either side of the long stairs and in the chapel of St. Helena.

The Turkish soldiers keep guard in the Basilica, and never

leave it so long as the Patriarch remains in it.

On Sunday we heard Mass at the altar of the Mater Dolorosa on Calvary. After Vespers we walked outside the Jaffa Gate. Groups of women, veiled in white, and children, in many tinted dresses, were sitting about on the grass, making it look like a parterre of flowers.

The next morning we were early at the Basilica, the Padre Custode having the goodness to say Mass for us in the Holy Sepulchre, before the High Mass, which is sung daily about seven.

The position of the very Reverend Father Custodian is an arduous and difficult one. Guardian of the Holy Places, Superior of the numerous Franciscan family in Egypt, Syria and the East, obliged to keep on good terms with the Turks, and, what is more difficult, to resist the perpetual encroachments of the Greeks, without coming into collision with them, he has need of the unflinching firmness, the abnegation of self, the never failing sweetness and patience that characterize the children of St. Francis. It is in the East one learns to know and love the Franciscans. They are the Providence of the pilgrim; wherever he catches sight of their brown gown and sandalled feet he has found a father and a friend.

# Reminiscences of the Second Empire.1

#### PART THE SECOND.

MUCH of the astonishing success of Louis Napoleon has been attributed to his quickness of apprehension or sagacity in divining the sentiments of the uneducated classes of his countrymen. This, surely, is a mistake. He did not conjecture, he took them for granted. Of the feelings and opinions of the higher classes in France he knew little-he could not know much, having never hitherto lived in France except as a child and a prisoner—and with that little he had no sympathy. Long exclusion from the society of the higher classes of his countrymen, and, in a great measure, from the higher classes of the foreigners among whom he resided, must have prevented his sharing in the great progress in political knowledge made by the educated portion of the French people between the fall of the Empire and that of the Government of July. His political education was based on the thoughts and views of his uncle, and on the conversation of his mother and her friends, all old Imperialists. His opinions and feelings, therefore, were those of the French people as they had been fashioned by Napoleon during his brief but brilliant reign of despotism, war, and victory. Now those opinions and feelings, though for the most part abandoned by the educated classes, were still on the day when Louis Napoleon appeared before his countrymen as a candidate for their favour, the opinions and feelings of the multitude. The French lower classes and he, therefore, were in perfect agreement, not because he had learned their sentiments, but because they happened to be his own too. Liberty, self-government, economy, and the supremacy of the Assembly, were words probably as meaningless to him as they had been to his uncle, as they were still to the lower classes in France and to the army, which is drawn chiefly from those lower classes. And

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Mémoires sur le Second Empire. Par M. de Maupas, Ancien Ministre. Paris : E. Dentu Libraire-Editeur, Palais Royal, 15, 17, 19, Galérie d'Orléans, 1884.

so it came to pass that when he appealed from the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie to the people and the army, the people and the army, recognizing the tones and feelings and opinions of the Empire, rallied enthusiastically to his side and bore him on their shoulders to the summit of absolute power.

Elected President of the French Republic by an overwhelming majority on December 10, 1848, Prince Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte presented himself, ten days later, in the Assembly, and there ascending the tribune and raising his right hand to heaven swore inviolable fidelity to the Constitution. Early on December 2, 1851, the elected President of the Republic, the man who had boasted that he was the only Frenchman who had sworn to maintain it, swept away the whole existing fabric of the Constitution. Guided by a group of friends and obscure politicians he forcibly dissolved the Assembly, drove its members through the streets at the point of the bayonet, arrested some half-dozen of the foremost generals in France, sent some of her most illustrious statesmen to prison, gagged or altogether suppressed the newspapers throughout the country, and placed the capital in a state of siege. If Louis Napoleon was himself wanting in vigour, his partisans were not. They proceeded, during the next few days, to put down all attempts at resistance by cannonading the most respectable quarters of Paris, and by the subsequent summary transportation of large numbers of respectable citizens to the swamps of Cayenne or the sands of Africa. A new Constitution was drafted conferring the presidency on Louis Napoleon for a further period of ten years, with Ministers responsible to none but himself, with a Council of State, and a Senate nominated at his mere pleasure, and with a legislative body destitute of all power save and except just so much as should invest the Executive with a semblance of legality. This new Constitution, clearly a reminiscence of that form of government which led to the First Empire, and was intended to pave the way for the Second, was accepted by another overwhelming majority. The high tide of the President's popularity was still running up in flood, and so, because his government gave promise of strength and order and material prosperity, and was a guarantee against the dangers of anarchy, it was acquiesced in by those even who disliked the man and his measures on other grounds, and Louis Napoleon was carried to the Imperial throne by a third overwhelming

majority, as the hereditary successor of his uncle under the title of Napoleon the Third.

Such, in brief, is the story of the notorious State-blow or Coup-d'État, which M. de Maupas, late Prefect of Police and former Minister under the Presidency, has recently undertaken to relate. The narrator of these events, quorum pars magna fuit, poses, as might have been anticipated, not as an apologist, but as the panegyrist of the deeds in which the writer bore so large a part. He does not labour to excuse or exculpate his late chief and his late chief's abettors in that which to most men is perhaps the greatest wrong of his reign, the first false step which vitiated the whole of its after-course, but he sets himself confidently to the task of approving, commending, and extolling M. de Maupas is described by Mr. Kinglake as "a man of a fine, large, robust frame," and "florid, healthy looks." If this is an accurate portrait of the ex-Minister and late Prefect of Police, we are led to infer from the volume before us that the mind of its author is still as robust as his bodily frame once was, his views of men and events as highly-coloured, if not quite so healthy, as his complexion thirty and more years ago. What he was in his younger days as to his outward man, that M. de Maupas still continues to be in not a few respects as to his inward. Time, we may hope, has dealt gently with the "fine, large, robust frame," and left him his "florid, healthy looks;" years have certainly not cooled his judgment, nor modified his views, nor detracted anything from his unqualified approval of transactions, which simple folk will still persist in condemning as a conspiracy, less remarkable perhaps for its surprising success than for its unscrupulousness.

The apologists of the late Emperor, and other some, who, though admirers neither of the mysterious man nor of his crooked policy, desire nevertheless to do him impartial justice and to give him the fullest benefit for all the good—twenty years, for example, of material prosperity—which accrued to France from his illegal assumption of the supreme power, are commonly driven in the face of undoubted facts to strange shifts in their attempts to excuse or palliate, if they cannot altogether justify, his usurpation. Their line of defence is in fact an implicit admission of the shady ethical principle, abominable in the sight of all honest statesmen and politicians, that the end justifies the means. The holiness of the Prince-President's cause, they seem to argue, and the singleness of his aims—a slight begging, by

the way, this of the whole question-were such as to sanctify whatever means he used to secure the triumph of the one and attain the other. He was, moreover, only doing the nation's bidding. The nation, by the admission of his enemies, was the supreme arbiter of its own destinies, and that nation had quite spontaneously and all but unanimously chosen him for the unmistakeable purpose of ridding it of a republican and giving it back a monarchical form of government. The Assembly set its face from the very first against the mandate of the people thus expressed, binding both the legislative and the executive powers. They both alike ceased, on the principles of popular suffrage, to have any raison d'être the moment they placed themselves in opposition to the popular will. The representatives of the people, therefore, by failing in their allegiance to the people virtually absolved the President from his to them.

In a word, the violation of his oath to the Constitution was, as we say in the schools, not a formal, but only a material breach of faith, by which Louis Napoleon did no more than choose of two evils the lesser, and, acting upon Bassanio's advice to Portia, wrested the law once to his authority, and to do a great right did a little wrong, thereby curbing of its will the cruel demon of anarchy, a peccadillo for which he forthwith received absolution and indulgence at the hands of his countrymen, who first extended and prolonged his powers for a period of ten years, and then conferred the Imperial dignity upon him and his descendants for ever.

This line of defence, however plausible in some respects, is not the kind of advocacy adopted by M. de Maupas, who, so far from standing merely on the defensive, boldly invites his countrymen to accept his as the true story of the Coup-d'État, with a challenge to all the world to disprove his facts and upset his inferences. Such a challenge had been a bold challenge even in the days when his late master and chief was at hand to regulate the light that beats upon a throne, and temper the fierceness of its rays at least in his regard. But the defiance of M. de Maupas goes a step further still than this. He at any rate is not afraid to stir a sleeping dog. Himself apparently convinced of the soundness of his case, he has delayed the publication of these memoirs long enough for the gag to be removed and the tongues of his countrymen to be once again set free to wag as they list—not long enough for passion to have

cooled down and reason to have asserted its proper place in pronouncing judgment on him, whom writers fierce, furious, and frantic as M. Victor Hugo describe variously, according as they consider his sudden rise to power and no less sudden fall from it, or both together, as the Man of December and the Man of Sedan.

That the late Prefect of Police and former Minister under the Presidency should be a stouter believer in this period of Louis Napoleon's career than in that which succeeded to it, is natural and intelligible. With the Presidency M. de Maupas had much to say, with the Empire nothing beyond the part he took in founding and establishing it on the destruction of his country's freedom. In his eyes the demeanour of the President is faultless, his career as Emperor not altogether irreproachable. The precise mistakes committed in this latter period by his quondam chief M. de Maupas says he sees and promises to note for our instruction in a future volume; but about the Presidency he has no misgivings; on this head his conscience feels as secure and buoyant, his soul as enthusiastic, thirty and more years after the questionable deeds he describes were done, as on the day itself of their enactment. His inconsistency apart, not unlike that of a man who should first encourage and help an unauthorized and inexperienced landsman violently to seize on the helm, and then abuse him for driving the ship in among the breakers, the fidelity of M. de Maupas to the memory of his late master, is in striking contrast with the demeanour of those who having battened on the prosperity of the Empire turn upon it to revile it in the day of its downfall. It is all the more commendable because the Emperor, whose greatness M. de Maupas' own hands had "holp to make so portly," when once firmly seated in the Imperial saddle, bade him summarily to be "no more officer" of his, and dispensed with his services as a Minister of State for ever after.

The Presidency being, then, in the eyes of its latest historian a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, it is not wonderful if in his estimation that beauty is not marred, nor his joy in it killed, by so inconsiderable a blemish as a little harmless violence done to a new-fangled and hastily improvised Constitution. Whether the eventual violation of his oath was from the first a foregone conclusion with both the President and his advisers, or whether it was only a way out of the wood reluctantly resorted to at the last moment when every other means of escape from a

difficult situation had been tried and had failed, the reader of these Memoirs will be disappointed if he expects to find much light thrown on the subject by M. de Maupas, who vouchsafes us no direct explanation of a deed about which the least said is perhaps the soonest mended, and where no defence at all is better than a lame one. If the subsequent policy of the Emperor and his advisers had been remarkable for its scrupulous observance of solemn promises and engagements, men would more readily condone, or at least excuse one solitary act of faithlessness, precisely because it was a solitary act never to be repeated, or because the factiousness of a divided and self-seeking Assembly virtually absolved the President from the pledges he had given it, or because, lastly, the act, however questionable, was one unavoidably forced upon him by circumstances which no one regretted more deeply than the President himself.

But the destruction by Louis Napoleon of the French Constitution he had sworn to maintain is so entirely in keeping with his policy of after years, so much that he did was done in breach of solemn engagements and of declarations made only to be falsified, that the world may reasonably expect to be forgiven if, until shown the contrary, it persists in regarding this as inherent in his system. The man who first swore to maintain and then destroyed the Republic, is identically the same as he who proclaimed that the Empire meant peace and in ten years waged two big and several little wars; who expressly disclaimed any intention of appropriating Savoy when an agreement for its annexation to France had already been made; who promised to free Venetia and in three months abandoned her to Austria; who engaged that the Duchies of the Italian Peninsula should be restored to their rightful sovereigns and allowed his dependent Victor Emmanuel to seize them for himself; who pretended to restrain Piedmont and secretly encouraged her in her schemes of spoliation; who threw the shield of his protection over the Pope and insulted him, over Francis the Second and forsook him; and who, having persuaded a scion of the House of Hapsburg to accept the Imperial crown of Mexico left him to be shot down like a dog in a ditch. The Third Napoleon had no higher ambition than to walk closely in the footsteps of the First, and all the world knows how little the latter ever suffered his hands to be tied by engagements and promises the most public, solemn, and reiterated. In this respect, if in no other,

the policy of the nephew is a faithful copy of that of his uncle. M. de Maupas may, therefore, be excused if, feeling the hopelessness of an attempt to vindicate what he must now perceive was destined to be only the first in a series of similar infidelities, not less real because not always calculated, he has judged it wisest to be silent about the oath by which the President had

pledged himself to the maintenance of the Republic.

It will perhaps be urged by some in extenuation of those glaring breaches of faith into which the unhappy Emperor was betraved at a later period of his career, that save and excepting a vague, ill-defined, but most persistent notion of adopting his uncle's methods and reproducing his system, he followed no fixed policy at all, but only lived from hand to mouth, and played at the game of politics much as a novice in the game of billiards knocks the balls with hap-hazard violence about the table in the hope of making a stray canon or pocketing an odd ball; and that when once he had embarked on the slippery path of Italian Independence, driven to it by the bombs and daggers of the Carbonari, he fell into many a pitfall he would gladly have avoided if he had foreseen them. The excuse, if it is an excuse, is at best little better than a sort of fool's pardon. for the after wrong-doing is implied and involved in the initial false step by which Louis Napoleon lent himself to the designs of the Secret Societies, when in 1858 he finally made up his mind to be their tool for the furtherance of the Revolution in Italy. M. de Maupas will perhaps have a word to say on this interesting subject when he comes to deal in a future volume with the errors of the Empire, and disabuse those of us who find one explanation of Louis Napoleon's surprisingly sudden and successful rise to power and continuance in it in the favour and support he received from the Continental Freemasons. They were prudent enough in their generation to perceive that a crowned democrat, Freemason, and Carbonaro, was likely to prove a more serviceable, because a more respectable, instrument for the successful spread of revolutionary principles throughout Europe, and in particular for the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Pope in Italy, than a Republic, which by the wildness and vulgar extravagance of its avowed hostility might possibly scare the more regularly constituted Governments of Europe into a determined opposition to their designs.

This, at any rate, may safely be predicated of Louis Napoleon, and the assertion is borne out by the story of the Conp-

d'État as told by M. de Maupas, that with all his obstinacy, self-confidence, and a certain measure of courage, he was dilatory and irresolute, easily checked and easily turned aside from the execution of his purposes. No man ever hated more heartily the necessity of having to make up his mind to a definite and decided step, or laboured more assiduously to stave it off. Brought at last face to face with it, he was, as M. Thiers once said of him, like a child who having to swallow a draught of nauseous physic makes a wry face, takes it to his lips, puts it away again, and at last heroically gulps the dose down with much sputtering and many pitiful grimaces. Both Thiers and Changarnier, whilst giving him credit for the faculty of forming great plans and of maturing them by solitary reflection, were of opinion that he always postponed but never abandoned the execution of any project his mind had once conceived, and in particular that he might just as well have made the Coup-d'État in 1848 as in 1851, which they think he would not have made even then, if his hand had not been forced by the greater resolution and unscrupulousness of his more immediate followers.

If these statements are correct they will go a long way to disprove the assertions of writers so inveterately and irreconcileably hostile as M. Victor Hugo, that Louis Napoleon is guilty of the baseness of having bound himself by an oath he never had the least intention of keeping. They establish this much in extenuation of his transgression, that if he did violate it, he did so only at the very last moment, as an afterthought, and when, to his thinking, there was no other alternative left him but to give up the game for lost and deliver his country over to There is no lack of indirect evidence anarchy once more. furnished by M. de Maupas himself, that Pretender though he was, as his very name and antecedents implied, and bent, as all the world knew him to be, on leaping into the Imperial saddle, he procrastinated from day to day, and postponed the hour of his final rupture with the Assembly as long as he possibly could with safety to himself, living on in the hope that events would so shape themselves as to dispense him from the obligation he had voluntarily contracted before the world. But when at the end of his four years' tenure of the Presidency no Deus ex machina having come to his rescue, he found that the Assembly, which was united on the single point of unflagging hostility to himself, the Elect of the nation, had become thoroughly

unpopular; when he saw that partly from fear of the Reds, and partly from contempt of the factiousness, and violence, and dishonesty, and stupidity of its representatives, nine-tenths of the French people had rallied to his side, and were clamouring to have him for their master; when besides, it had come to his knowledge that influential men, Changarnier in the number, were plotting to undo him, who, if he were not beforehand with them, would certainly put him into a panier à salade and pack him off to Vincennes; it would not be surprising if, under these circumstances, the President had gradually brought himself to believe that he was absolved from his oath of allegiance by the very people to whom he had sworn it, and that he was therefore fully justified in seizing all whom he thought capable of heading a resistance, in darting a small, compact, and obedient force against a set of talkers whom nobody esteemed or respected, and in putting them all for a while out of harm's way. However fallacious, therefore, this reasoning may be, and however erroneous his conscience may seem to us, we are at any rate not constrained to adopt the extreme view of his implacable enemies, which condemns the President as having from first to last acted necessarily and indubitably in bad faith.

We have, moreover, the testimony of M. Thiers to the effect that the thoughts of the President, if not of his advisers, were averse from a Coup-d'État, except as an extreme measure when all other means had failed of keeping the Assembly within the bounds of moderation. That distinguished statesman told Mr. Senior in March, 1852, that he had taken part in a meeting held six weeks after the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, at which only himself, the President, Molé, de Broglie, and Changarnier assisted, in which the slippery question was raised whether, the secret intrigues, open violence, and constant petty interference of the Assembly with the Executive having become unbearable, it was not quite time to have done with it. The President, he tells us, sat anxious and silent, Molé irresolute, and Changarnier impatient, whilst he (Thiers) paced up and down the room inveighing against the idea of a Coup-d'État, and insisting that the Assembly should be allowed to scream itself hoarse, since the only effect of its absurdities, violence, and mischievous meddlesomeness would be to discredit itself and strengthen the hands of the Executive. It would be quite time enough, he thought, to

resort to the heroic but painful operation of a *Coup-d'État*, when the disease had become so obstinate and so dangerous as to justify the application of such a violent remedy. As he proceeded, the President's face kept brightening and brightening. The adjournment of the *Coup-d'État* obviously relieved him from an oppressive load of anxiety. He seemed to feel that he was reprieved; that a new lease of grandeur and luxury was granted him before he needed to tread the path that must end in a throne or a scaffold. This is how the demeanour of the President on this occasion struck Thiers; it seems to have struck Changarnier in the same way. "Avez-vous vu," he said to Thiers as they left the room together, "la mine qu'a faite le Président? Après tout c'est un—" and he finished up his phrase with a word of unbounded contempt.

From this conversation, recorded by Mr. Senior, it appears that Louis Napoleon and his fellow-conspirators, as they are usually styled by his and their enemies, were not alone in their opinion as to the justifiableness under certain circumstances of a Coup-d'État, for we have here the avowal of a statesman so respectable and a politician so pre-eminently Liberal as M. Thiers that he was of the same mind. As for Changarnier's aspersions on the courage of Louis Napoleon, it will not perhaps be thought to tell very much against him, if the President's natural bent for procrastination and his scruples of conscience, such as they may have been, were helped out on this occasion by a very natural and intelligible reluctance, pardonable even in the bravest, to risk his head one moment too soon. Changarnier, moreover, spoke from pique, when he uttered the uncomplimentary remarks cited above; for he was at this date, so M. Thiers affirms, urging the President to a Coup-d'État, in which he thought he would have succeeded had he had a more resolute accomplice. One thing, at any rate, seems pretty clear, that from whatever motive, whether from right principle or from self-interest, or from natural irresolution, or from a mixture of all these motives, the President was less predisposed than many of his followers to try the chances of so questionable a measure as a Coup-d'État, and that it was not, with him as it was with some others, a foregone conclusion from the very first.

Changarnier, however, it is only fair to add, gives a different version of the same story, in another conversation also recorded by Mr. Senior, according to which the President if not actually meditating an immediate blow, was yet quite prepared to turn any

public demonstration against himself into a Coup-d'État. The meeting alluded to by Thiers took place, he says, about six weeks after December 10, 1848, that is, probably on the celebrated January 29, 1849, when Changarnier, without consulting Marrast, the President of the Assembly, surrounded the Palais Bourbon with thirty thousand men, and when Marrast having sent for him to explain his conduct, he sent back word that he was with the President of the Republic and could not come. This is no doubt the meeting at which Thiers surmises that Changarnier was vainly urging the President to make a Coupd'État, whilst Changarnier asserts that the President was as vainly waiting till he (Changarnier) should think fit to make it for him. This 29th of January is one of M. Maupas' "great days," and I will give in brief his account of it first, General Changarnier's afterwards, that the reader may see how differently the same events are viewed by writers of different political bias, and consequently how difficult, if not impossible, it is for

mere outsiders to get at the real truth.

The determination of the President's Government, says M. de Maupas, to suppress the Garde Mobile as an institution endangering public safety, necessarily gave rise to plots on the part of the secret societies, which were defeated only by timely and energetic measures on the part of the Executive. General Changarnier, Governor of Paris, set large bodies of troops on foot which overawed the masses, and induced them to postpone their rising to a more favourable time. If, he says, the 20th of January showed the extent to which organized revolt still lived in the city, it resulted in a veritable ovation for the Prince, who was hailed with enthusiastic acclamations by the army and the people on his way to review the troops massed in the neighbourhood of the Place de la Concorde and the Tuileries. The warmth of this reception of the President, together with vague rumours of a Coup-d'État, had alarmed the Assembly, which at one time thought its safety endangered, and a misunderstanding with General Changarnier having added still further to its mistrust, it assumed an attitude foreboding an open conflict with the Executive. Fortunately the Ministry enjoyed the confidence of the Assembly, which accepted the assurances of Ministers that it would never act illegally, and so the danger passed. So far forth M. de Maupas; now let us hear a different version of the events which occurred on the "great day" of January 29, 1849.

General Changarnier, when asked by Mr. Senior in 1860 to tell him the real story of January 29, 1849, whether in particular the armed force which on that morning surrounded the Assembly was collected by the Garde Mobile or by the President, and whether it was an attempt at insurrection by the Reds, or at a Coup-d'État by the President, replied that it was a bit of both; that the Garde Mobile and the Garde Républicaine, the active agents in the matter, had intended a Red revolution; and that the President knowing their plans wished them to begin in order to turn their attempt into a Coup-d'État. At a meeting of the Ministers at ten in the morning of that day, to which Changarnier had been summoned, the President, after taking his seat, produced a paper from his pocket and addressing his Ministers in his slow soft voice: "Gentlemen," he said, "you see that the Constitution is impracticable. I have something to propose as a substitute for it," and he began to read. He was interrupted by Passy, the Minister of Finance, who said: "You seem to be preparing a Coup-d'État. Do you know that another revolution will destroy our finances?" "Do you talk to me," said the President, "of your miserable finances, quand je joue ma tête?" "Parbleu!" broke in Rullière, the Minister of War, "ce n' est pas seulement votre tête que vous joues, mais toutes les nôtres." The President put the paper unread into his pocket and took his departure. This document, which he afterwards showed to Changarnier, resembled his proclamation of December 2, 1851, re-established universal suffrage, abolished the existing Constitution, and left it to the people to say how and by whom a new one should be created. In the afternoon the President left the Élysée on horseback, and rode slowly along the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré as far as the Rue Royale. He was coldly received, saw that the insurrectionary army had left the Quai d'Orsay, and turned suddenly back to the Élysée. In all this the President, so thought Changarnier, was feeling the public pulse. If he had found a considerable number of the Garde Mobile and the Garde Républicaine collected and had been well acclamé by them and by the crowd, he might have ridden on to the Tuileries, have been proclaimed Emperor by the mob, and have thanked them from the balcony.

June 13th, 1849 is another of M. de Maupas' "great days," on which both he and Changarnier have a word to say. They both speak, but in widely different tones, of the demeanour of the Prince-President himself on this interesting occasion. Let

us hear M. de Maupas, laudatory as usual, first. After having described the failure of Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin to provoke an insurrection for the upsetting of the Government, M. de Maupas proceeds:

As for the Prince-President [he says at p. 65] he had held himself in readiness to mount his horse at a moment's notice. He had acted well and wisely in not personally intervening during the actual repression of the revolt. His appearance on the scene would have provoked manifestations, which in their turn might have been the occasion of collision and bloodshed. But once the assembled crowds had been dispersed and free circulation in the streets restored, he determined to show himself to the people. At the head of a brilliant staff he rode down the boulevards and the Rue du Rivoli, receiving everywhere the most enthusiastic greetings. Cries of Vive Napoléon! and Vive l' Empereur! met him on his passage. If he had wished it, that day, perhaps, the Empire had been established. But this was not the way in which Louis Napoleon was minded to attain to sovereign rank.

Now let us hear as a set-off to M. de Maupas' gushing flattery, General Changarnier's account of the affair, which, though a trifle long, I will transcribe in full just as it has been recorded in his Conversations by Mr. Senior, lest if I give only a résumé of it, the reader should perhaps be tempted to imagine a vain thing, that the scorn, namely, which it contains, is not the General's, but my own.

On June 13th, 1849, after the attempt of Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc and the other fools who met at the Conservatoire, and had to escape by the window—had been defeated, I asked him (Louis Napoleon) to ride with me along the Boulevards. I thought that after an event which had excited some alarm his appearance with me in public might be useful. We had six aides-de-camp with us, four of his, two of mine. We were well received till we came to the Porte St. Denis. There we found groups of sinister-looking people, who cried Vive la République! and seemed inclined to ill-treat us. Never in my life did I see more degraded or more ferocious faces.

The President was very much affected. He could scarcely sit his horse. His aides-de-camp said to him, Mais on a mené le Prince ici,

pour le faire égorger.

I took some of the cross streets which led us to the Quais, the Place Vendôme, and thence to the Rue Castiglione. As we approached the end of the Rue Castiglione, and saw the Tuileries, the President's agitation increased. He is always sallow, but he was then livid. I turned to the right, and took him through the Place de la Concorde back to the Élysée. There I took leave of him at the door. During

the whole ride, which lasted five hours, for we rode slowly, and even when we parted, he was absolutely silent.

The next day he said to one of my aides-de-camp, Votre général m'a fait tourner très court près des Tuileries. I have not the slightest doubt that he believed, when I went to him, that I intended to carry him to the Tuileries, and to proclaim him Emperor.

Senior. Could it have been done?

Changarnier. With the utmost ease. The Assemblée Constituante had become unpopular. It was accused of illegally prolonging its reign from ambition or from avarice. The twenty-five francs¹ a day, which it had voted itself, was a constant grievance. The Parisian mob, like all other mobs, is always ready to impute the vilest motives to public servants. The army and the National Guard was under my command. The people might have been conciliated by the promise of new Elections and universal suffrage. I do not believe that there would have been any serious opposition.

If these last words were true in 1849, they were truer still in 1850, and in 1851. By that time resistance on the part of the Assembly had become impossible. For whilst the socialism of Louis Napoleon and his profusion had made him more and more popular, the supposed leanings of the Assembly to the aristocracy, its restriction of universal suffrage, and its desire, as it was believed, to bring back the Bourbons, had rendered that body more and more unpopular with the lower classes in Paris. In the provinces the dread of another Red revolution had made Louis Napoleon popular with all classes,—with the higher as their protector against the Reds, with the lower, as their protector against the bourgeoisie. It was on the bourgeoisie, therefore, that the massacres of December 5th fell heaviest, as we shall perhaps have occasion to see when I come at last to consider the events immediately connected with the "Great day" itself of December 2, 1851, in one more rambling talk on a somewhat threadbare subject.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

<sup>1</sup> Each member received twenty-five francs a day.

# Breakspere.

#### A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

## CHAPTER XVII.

DESPITE the troubled state of the country, a tolerably large party of guests were gathered within the walls of the Villa Pescara on the evening of the following day, for a few gentlemen residing in the vicinity had been invited to dinner, in order to meet the strangers who had found a temporary shelter under that hospitable roof.

The Marchioness, putting a constraint upon the poignant personal grief and deep anxiety she felt concerning her son, presided at the table in person, in order to make the absence of that son less painfully noticeable. Abbé Delacroix, too, played the part of entertainer with the inimitable grace and polish of the ancien régime. Christopher was seated next to Gertrude, and opposite to Mr. Parr, who, with his arm in a sling, and bristling with self-importance and a certain half-arrogant defiance of manner, sat bolt upright, and devoured his dinner in silence. He was unable to converse in any other language than his own, and obstinately refused to do more than exchange a few sentences with Lieutenant Breakspere, the sight of whose Austrian uniform had a most exasperating effect upon him.

The conversation naturally turned for the most part upon military matters, these being the topic of immediate interest to all present, and various opinions were expressed as to the ultimate issue of the campaign, and the future prospects of Italy. They fell quite unnoticed on the ear of Mrs. Parr, who was employed in comparing the foreign menu with English fare. Ever and anon she uttered some disparaging remark about the former in a loud whisper addressed to her daughter, who tried in vain to silence such uncourteous criticisms, the more so as her mother was all the while doing ample justice to the despised viands.

When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, they found the Marchioness had already retired to her own apartments, and the stertorous breathing which issued from the depths of a roomy fauteuil, proved Mrs. Parr was lost in a state of somnolence. That worthy matron, whose fat hands, covered with gorgeous rings, were placidly crossed upon the capacious bosom of her brocaded silk gown, had been restored to complacency by the appearance of some tea, which was handed round after dinner. Weak indeed it was, and faintly flavoured with vanilla, but still it was tea; and after swallowing two cups of her favourite beverage, Mrs. Parr vouchsafed to assure Gertrude that she felt quite at home, and proceeded to prove the truth of her assertion by settling herself comfortably for a wink or two of sleep.

Beatrice was sufficiently intelligent to adapt herself in a measure to her surroundings, and Gertrude found her a pleasant companion, despite the chaos which yawned between them on almost all points; but she could not understand how, with such strong prejudices and predilections in favour of everything British, Beatrice could entertain such a dislike to Christopher Breakspere. She felt almost angry to see the frigidity which came over the girl when the handsome young Englishman appeared in the doorway, but she had no opportunity for questions, or even time for reflection, as she was called upon to sing first a solo, then a duet with her brother Max. Gertrude had a good voice, and sang well; her performance was listened to attentively, and highly applauded by the company present. Christopher was enthralled; it was long since he had heard anything so sweet, and as the last notes of the touching melody expired, he looked downwards with moistened eyes, and felt his heart too full for words.

But meanwhile Beatrice had disappeared, and Christopher, wishing to elicit once more the cause of her strange coldness to him, stepped out into the balcony, thinking she might have sought the fresher outside air, as the atmosphere of the rooms was somewhat oppressive. Nor was he mistaken, for he saw the flutter of a white dress beside some orange plants, the odour of whose delicate blossoms scented the air, and, drawing near her rather timidly, he ventured a remark upon the music.

There was a fierce struggle in the heart of the proud English girl. False aspirations and perverted ideas, produced unconsciously by vulgar surroundings, had done much to warp a fine nature and fill a mind naturally prone to the admiration of the true, the good, and the beautiful, with mistaken estimates and erroneous standards. Her instincts favoured this frank and agreeable Englishman; she felt herself attracted by his brave, manly bearing, and her esteem would have followed her inclination, in admiring and eventually loving him, had it not been for the withering lessons of worldly wisdom and worship of wealth imbibed at Premium House from her earliest years.

Christopher, on his part, could not shake off the dream of his first love; and with what some would call foolish pertinacity, and others the faithfulness of a noble character, he clung to what in his heart of hearts he could not but feel was a delusive idea, and generously overlooked the slights and coldness shown to him by Beatrice, which he interpreted as the result of some

unfortunate misunderstanding.

"I fear you will be leaving us soon?" he inquired in accents betraying considerable emotion. Her fair, proud face looked very lovely in the bright Italian moonlight, but there was a cold English rigidity about her features as she bowed her head in reply, and uttered the one word, "to-morrow."

He thought her persistent coldness must emanate from her

dislike to the Austrian uniform.

"At least you will admit that Austria has noble sons and daughters."

"If so, she has no need of foreigners to fight her battles."

It was evident that she hated him for his adoption of the Austrian cause.

"Many of our countrymen serve with Garibaldi; why should not others of opposite convictions take service in the Austrian camp?"

"And meet their countrymen in deadly conflict."

There was bitterness in her tone, and he felt stung to the quick, yet his old tenderness stemmed the current of his rising pride. He drew nearer to her, and in lower, softer accents, continued:

"Had I known your antipathy to the power I serve, I might have sought fortune elsewhere."

"I imagine," she replied, "that a subaltern in the Austrian army can scarcely be on the road to fortune."

"He may be on the road to fame, if not to fortune," rejoined Christopher indignantly, for he hated the contemptuous tone in which she spoke. "All distinction in such a service would seem to me disgrace."

He started. "I do not see how gambling with the rise and fall of shares can give greater glory." The words escaped him almost unawares, and were scarcely uttered before they were bitterly regretted.

She turned full round upon him, looking extremely beautiful in the moonlight, her lips curled with an expression of scorn, while her lustrous eyes flashed in defiance upon him.

"We owe you much, sir, for your interference last night. I thank you for your protection. With this exception there is little ground of sympathy between us. Our interests and convictions are too far removed."

She could have bitten through her tongue as the words passed her lips, and yet in the fierce struggle of her mind pride still had the upper hand, as with head erect she turned from him and returned to the drawing-room.

Christopher's attempt had been made and had ended in failure. He was too large-minded and unselfish to dwell upon small mortifications; it was rather the transformation of his illusion that pained him, and the conviction forced upon him that sordid motives, or at most unworthy prejudices, held sway in one so perfect in her bodily presence. And even now he tried to excuse her, by supposing that political bias was the foundation of her strange antipathy.

During the remainder of the evening Beatrice affected a complete indifference towards her young countryman, and seemed unconscious of his presence, though she noticed with increasing surprise and some mortification the marked attention shown to him by Gertrude von Stahremberg, who, after singing another song, had risen and closed the piano, her music not having this time received much encouragement, since Mr. Parr and Dr. Franck were discussing in loud, animated tones the merits of the Zollverein and the annexation of Holstein; while Mrs. Parr, turning to the fair Austrian, said that her singing must require a great deal of practice.

The evening passed rapidly to Christopher, for notwithstanding the vexation and irritation he felt at the contempt and indifference evinced towards him by Beatrice, he was unable to resist the charm of the conversation of Max and of his sister Gertrude. Great and high themes were mostly its burthen; the wonders of the heroic age of Germany, and its sublime

poetry, given life to in the tones of Wagner; the great days of the Imperial Barbarossas, when the plains of Lombardy had acknowledged the supremacy of German sway; the restoration of German literature in the classical pages of Lessing and the masterpieces of Germany's modern lyre, touched by Schiller and Goethe. Nor did Gertrude omit a graceful allusion to the genius of Shakspeare, the greatest poet in the world's history, as she was pleased to term him, and who is in fact more widely read, deeply studied, and thoroughly appreciated by Germans than by his own countrymen. Dr. Franck, who was listening to the conversation, even went so far as to claim the great dramatist for his own nation as a pure specimen of the Teutonic type. But as his opinion was founded on certain facial peculiarities he imagined himself able to detect in Shakspeare's portraits, it was little heeded, and he soon withdrew in order to digest some chapters of a new work on anthropology amidst clouds of tobacco-smoke.

Mrs. Parr was about to retire to the upper regions, where she might enjoy in unbroken continuity the delightful slumbers of which she had many a sweet but interrupted foretaste during the course of the evening, and an eloquent *cavaliere* was labouring hard in the worst of bad English to convince Mr. Parr that Macchiavelli was the father of the Stock Exchange, when Pierre, with pale countenance and terrified expression, announced the arrival of an orderly from head-quarters with pressing dispatches for Lieutenant Breakspere.

Christopher, excusing his absence to Gertrude, hastened to the entrance hall, where a Hungarian hussar, one mass of dust from his dolman to his boots, handed him the dispatches from the Chief of the General Staff.

In a few laconic words, orders were issued for his presence with his regiment, and also for that of Max, to be in position by daylight, within the lines of the Quadrilateral, as a general engagement was anticipated.

Dismissing the hussar, he hurried up to Max and imparted the intelligence to him and to the ladies. A sudden light of joy shot across the features of the young Austrian officer, who seizing both of his sister's hands, exclaimed: "Hurrah! you shall see the Stahremberg blood still stirs in our veins."

"Ach du lieber Herz," exclaimed Gertrude; "would that I I could go with thee; I fear for thee, and yet I would not keep thee when our country calls."

Christopher looked at Beatrice, but not a trace of feeling could be detected on her marble-like features. At this moment a dull, distant sound boomed upon the silent night. They listened. There came another, and still another. "Ach Gott!" exclaimed Gertrude, "the deadly conflict has begun, and we poor women can do nothing but weep and pray."

"Time presses, dearest, and duty calls," said Max deeply moved. "Will you not give me a flower for ——?" His voice sank to a whisper, and the last words were not heard by the

bystanders.

Silently and sadly Gertrude took a single fragrant rose from her bosom and gave it to her brother, who placed it in his breast. "He shall have it," he said, "it will be his most valued decoration, we will hope his amulet of safety." Little did Max then dream, as he took the flower from his sister's hand, against whose sword that amulet would be needed.

Gertrude, turning to take leave of Christopher, was struck by the wistful expression of his face. She smiled, and taking a white camellia from her rich soft hair, handed it to him with simple grace.

Beatrice was looking at them, she saw what passed, and a pang of jealousy shot through her heart, suppressed the moment

Another dull, deep sound was borne on the night air. The young men hurry away to put on their accourrements, and then as midnight strikes, two tall, soldierlike figures appear, with clanking swords and nodding plumes, to take the final leave.

"Farewell, dearest brother," murmured Gertrude, clinging to the beloved Max as if she were parting from him for ever.

"Lebe wohl, dearest sister, we shall not disgrace you."

Christopher felt grateful to him for using the plural as he bent over her hand; then bowing their adieux to Beatrice, who though deeply moved, maintained an outward calmness, the young officers were speedily in the saddle and off through the radiant moonlight, followed by Chuckles and part of the patrol; directions being given to wake up Dr. Franck in a couple of hours and send him after them, as his services might be shortly required.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

By the side of a ravine between two hills, lying as yet in deep shadow among the mulberry trees and fringing vineyards, near the Adige, was a detachment of Austrian lancers, in their night mantles, mostly standing by their horses, bridle in hand or furbishing their arms and accourtements after the night dew.

Two or three officers are grouped together in earnest converse, and among them we notice the gallant Max, our old friend Christopher, and strange to say, Villefranche, in his captain's uniform; for by the intercession of the Marchioness Pescara, and on the strength of his intimacy with Henry the Fifth, the Governor of Verona had allowed him to issue from durance on parole, in the event of an anticipated battle, and to try to wipe out the stain that seemed to attach to him for the escape of Lorenzo Pescara, by a glorious death or equally glorious wounds in Austria's service.

"I will never believe it," Gaston said with much warmth and almost with anger. "He never would betray his honour, much less his friend."

"But these Italians," rejoined Max, "you know their principles, and how in their view the end justifies the means."

"I tell you," rejoined the young Legitimist, laying his hand firmly on the other's arm, "there has been some disastrous mistake; time will clear it up. God knows, I may not live to see it; I almost hope to perish this day, but those who survive will find Pescara was cut off and prevented from keeping his word."

"It may be so; I do not think it is so," replied Max, working his sabre restively in its scabbard.

"The day will not be out, before some of us at least will know the truth," suggested Breakspere, "we shall have hot work, and take many prisoners and from them we shall learn much."

"Well said, my friend," rejoined Villefranche, as he struck his hand warmly in the other's gauntlet, "confidence gives success; the star of Austria is bright to-day, and we will see great things done before to-day is over."

As he spoke, a sudden light seemed to kindle his features and he looked almost transfigured; his friends remembered that look long afterwards. They had not much time for parleying, but ere they parted, Max gave Gaston the rose he had brought expressly for him from Gertrude, and a bright smile flashed over the face of the young French Marquis, as he kissed it and placed it reverently next his heart. Soon after a General galloped up with Staff and escort, visiting the outposts, and the officers were absorbed in receiving directions relating to the coming engagement.

The day wore on, the sun waxed hotter, and the last Austrian columns had marched up to the front, taking up various positions in order to retard or defeat the advance of the Italian army, now reported by scouts, to be in full march with the design of penetrating through the Austrian lines into the heart of the Ouadrilateral.

Anon, clouds of dust appeared on the horizon, the Austrian staff officers were busy with their glasses, infantry soldiers were seen looking to their priming, the artillerymen standing by their guns with lighted matches, and the cavalry settling themselves in their saddles and looking to their bridles and girths. A long line of Austrian Jägers were thrown out in front and kneeling behind hedge and wall, were prepared to repulse the first onset of the Italian columns.

By degrees large black masses, half-buried in dust, could be seen creeping up across the plain. At length even the naked eye could detect long serried columns of foot, interspersed with cannon in the intervals and with bodies of horse, mostly on the flanks. At length the entire front seemed to be alive with men, and ultimately thin streams of skirmishers spread out in front and the *bersaglieri* came into close conflict with the Tyrolese Jägers, the sharp, quick crack of the rifles being re-echoed on all sides among the hills.

Soon after this several Austrian masked batteries took up the game, and thick masses of smoke rolled down the hills to the front, while the loud word of command of the Italian officers reached the ear, as they brought on their men, and the thunder of artillery wheels resounded above the din of battle, as the Italian gunners galloped to the front.

It is not the purpose of the present work to chronicle all the episodes of that eventful day at Custozza. It appeared to be part of the Austrian strategy to lure on the Italian host to destruction, by abstaining at first from too strenuous a resistance and presenting the appearance of weakness in some parts of the position.

The Italian commanders on their side seem to have been led astray by a culpable blindness and by that overweening confidence in their own prowess, which led the French to great disasters a few years later.

Certain it is that the Italian columns advanced amidst thick clouds of battle-smoke, the Austrian skirmishers purposely falling back, nor did the Italian officers give due attention to clear their flanks and properly support their onward movement by their reserves. There was some hard fighting, no great advantage seemed gained on either side, but the Italians slowly and steadily advanced, while the artillery kept up a heavy fire, and considerable losses were sustained on both sides. The right moment had not yet arrived for the crowning operations of the Austrian commanders, who still held back the cavalry, which was to deliver the decisive stroke.

The officers were meanwhile awaiting their signal for action, fretting with impatience, trying to spy the fortunes of the battle through the smoke. Several Italian cannon shot had passed over their heads, others had ploughed up the ground at their feet, and some had crashed into their midst, knocking over horse and man, but the gallant fellows stirred not.

At length, when Max saw a large Italian brigade of foot overlapping a thin Austrian battalion, and after a fierce struggle closing round and almost cutting it off, he ground his teeth with rage and with a German oath exclaimed: "By heaven! they will be taken; where is the General and what is he about? I've half a mind to dash in."

"One moment, Max," rejoined Villefranche, his hand upon the other's bridle. "If I am not mistaken, here comes the Aidde-Camp with orders. Keep your head cool and strike home."

He was not mistaken, for in a moment up dashed a staffofficer, white with dust, his horse bespattered with foam and in hasty accents bade Max lead on the lancers on the Italian flank. "Lose no time, for God's sake, or it will be too late."

Another word was not required. Clear and loud rang out the command, and with lances at rest down dashed the Austrian chivalry—one squadron and a half—on the flank of the Italian brigade.

Three minutes brought them to the place, and as the Italians were in the disorder of success, the lancers fell like an avalanche into their midst, inflicting dreadful loss and destruction, the suddenness and violence of the onslaught adding tenfold to the

impression and giving them the semblance of a far larger force. The Italian infantry thus taken unprepared, tried to offer resistance and to form in some order, but the people of the South of Europe are subject to violent panics, and after some resistance, the brigade broke into flight, leaving many dead and wounded on the ground; the rest making off to the rear, in wild flight, pursued by the Austrian cavalry.

In the midst of the smoke and chaos a single rider—an Austrian officer—was seen galloping forward at a frantic pace, to seize the banner of one of the Italian battalions, which still waved proudly above the broken columns. Followed by a few of the boldest lancers, he was seen dashing into the midst of the Italian lines; his flashing sabre struck down the man who held the flag, his hand was already upon the prize, when a tall, noble-looking Italian started forward, seized the flag and wrested it from the grasp of Max von Stahremberg.

The two antagonists now faced one another and knew that they were cousins, for the champion of the Italian flag was none other than Pescara, who had escaped from forced captivity in the Italian camp and had rushed foremost to the front, still clad in Garibaldian costume.

"Give up your colours," shouted Max.

"Never, while I live," replied Pescara.

"I would fain spare you, but I must have the flag. Let loose!"

"Strike if you like, I shall only parry."

"Your blood be on your own shoulders!" Max raised his sabre and struck heavily, but it fell clashing on the Italian's sword."

"Give up, I say," he shouted, frantic with excitement. A second blow shivered Pescara's sword to the hilt.

"I will never resign these colours," firmly replied Pescara.

"You shall and must, traitor and renegade! You betrayed your best friend, and now you have thrown in your lot with that robber Garibaldi!"

"It is false," retorted the Italian; "I swear it is false."

Again Max's sword was uplifted, and again it fell; but ere it could strike Pescara, who was now defenceless, some one interposed, and Gaston's voice was heard exclaiming: "Spare him, comrade, he is unarmed!"

But it was too late to arrest the blow; it fell upon Gaston as he pleaded for the foe whose life he had already saved at the risk of his own but a day before; he received a dreadful wound on the head and fell, deluged with blood.

Max was almost beyond himself; Gaston's interposition made him still more furious, pulling a pistol from his belt, he shot Pescara through the body, and snatching the colours, now besprinkled with the blood of his own cousin and of his sister's lover, put spurs to his horse and dashed wildly on, seeking death in the thickest of the fray.

Meanwhile Christopher, carried away by excitement, had pushed on with a handful of followers towards another Italian flag, and heedless of everything before him, had ridden down all in his way and seized the trophy, not however before a *bersagliere*, kneeling behind a bush and taking good aim, had sent a bullet right through his lungs.

As he fell from his horse he was received in the faithful arms of Chuckles, who sought to staunch the blood, while another man galloped back with the captured flag and summoned Dr. Franck, for Christopher was a favourite in the regiment.

The doctor was not long in coming, he quickly cut the Englishman's coat open and examined the wound; when he observed the froth mixed with blood issuing from his mouth, he shook his head and looked very grave.

"This is serious," he muttered, "the left lung is touched. Take him to the ambulance, and I will see him again shortly."

A litter was procured by Chuckles and they bore him gently to the rear.

The fight was over; the evening sun was slanting on the field of blood. The dark masses of the Italian army, so theatening in the morning, so grand in the pomp of noonday, had melted away ere evening came, like storm-clouds, amidst the roar of thunder and the flashes of lightning.

The fair land, beautiful in the morning with fruit and flowers, was defaced with the wreck and ruin of war. Another profitless battle had been fought and many valuable lives had been thrown away. Austria had added another name to her long list of well-contested battlefields, the Italian warriors had proved themselves to be no more than men, and the Quadrilateral stood solid as the everlasting mountains till the cannon of Königgrätz should speak its doom.

There was much rejoicing in the Austrian camp, for the victory had not been purchased very dearly, and the staff officers, whose numbers were but slightly diminished, recounted

with exultation at the Archduke Albert's table the glorious doings of the day, and celebrated with many toasts and ringing glasses the gallant charge of the Prince Rudolph lancers.

But as night drew her sable mantle over the scene of slaughter, and the stars looked down serene and bright upon the field of bloodshed, lights were seen glimmering in different directions, carried by those who sought for living sufferers whom they might bear to the camp hospital, or for dead friends, to whom they might give the last honours of a soldier's grave. While Christopher lay pale and gasping on his couch, nursed with all tenderness by Chuckles, Max, almost wild with grief and agitation, searched over the whole field till dawn looking for the terrible evidences of that fatal struggle round the flag, and for the brave men who had fallen partly through his own impetuosity, and whose names he should never again dare to breathe in his sister's presence. But men disappear quickly in time of battle, more so even than in common life, and with all his efforts he never found a trace of the two valiant friends who had fallen side by side.

Sadly he turned homewards from his useless search, bearing back into the world a wound in his soul which he thought not even the consoling hand of time could ever avail completely to heal. Pescara, his own cousin, was a traitor, he said to himself, and deserved his fate; but that Villefranche—his own companion in arms and the friend of his family—Villefranche, who was the very soul of honour and chivalry, should have perished by a blow from his hand was indeed a bitter, a heartrending thought.

### CHAPTER XIX.

IT was a glorious September day; the nearer Alpine valleys looked a paradise of verdure, fragrant with a thousand rare mountain grasses, the many rills descending from the uplands, made merry music among the granite masses, screens of dark pines and lighter larch fringed the rocky outline of the higher ridges with their elegant forms, while above and beyond the ever glorious diadems of ice and snow shone in their dazzling brilliancy, crystal clear and spotlessly pure against the dark azure of the sky.

A travelling carriage was slowly advancing up the pass towards the Splugen from Chiavenna, conveying a party, apparently of some distinction. An aged lady, wrapped in furs, with deep grief depicted on a countenance which still bore the traces of no common beauty, was accompanied by one whose sweet countenance had lost its lustre, and whose fair head was bowed beneath some heavy load of sorrow.

The Marchioness and Gertrude were leaving Italy and their villa on the fair shores of Garda, now chiefly given up to Italian rule, carrying the heavy burthen of broken hearts with them to their Austrian home. Max was with them too, all the merry sparkle of his bright blue eyes gone, his face expressive of utter

dejection.

Christopher, who was still suffering much from his wound, was their guest, and was going with them to the German Spas; he seemed the only one of the party who had any remnant of cheerfulness, and he tried to exert himself to distract their attention from painful memories, by pointing out the beauties of the pass.

Gradually they left the softer contour and vegetation characteristic of Italian soil, and plunging into the sterner sphere of true Alpine scenery, zig-zagged up the frowning precipices, among gnarled and stunted specimens of pines, coming nearer to large patches of snow, while the keen mountain wind rushed down the pass in sharp gusts, and swept with melancholy murmurs and sorrowful sighs over the brown heather and among the cavities of the rocks.

"I trust this searching mountain air will not distress you," said Gertrude, speaking to Christopher in tones which were

very sympathetic but very sad.

"Oh, no! I do not fear it," he replied gaily, "you know it cannot be worse than an English November."

"I wish we were safe at Rehbrunnen," said the elder lady, "for your sake. For myself I have few wishes more."

"Madam, you must really prepare for a great gratification. You know our good friend Franck, who has shown such skill in treating my wound, will introduce us to his great anthropologist, and we shall hear him lecture on the peculiar features distinctive of the Teuton race."

A vestige of a smile, almost too faint to be visible, like the last afterglow of a brilliant summer's sunset, lighted up Gertrude's face one moment and then left it pale and sad as ever. Meanwhile the carriage travelled up to the regions of mists, and Chuckles, who was on the dickey with Lina, entertained her with spasmodic efforts to be polite, in bad German, as he wrapped his lancer's mantle round her solid charms, with a gallantry worthy of one of the heroes of Custozza.

As they advanced they seemed to leave the bright Italian sun and sky behind them, the carriage became involved in thick masses of mist, the scream of the eagle was heard overhead, and the resounding torrents made their voice heard on the rising wind.

No anxiety was felt by the travellers in the carriage, though the weather seemed on the change, but the driver—a brave Tyrolese—looked about him seriously several times and seemed to listen, as if he expected to hear something. Soon the wind began to blow in violent puffs and squalls, as if it would sweep the carriage over the precipice, and there was a rushing sound in the air among the mountains, as if the elements were at strife. The daylight, too, was fast going, and they were threatened with darkness and tempest in the midst of the most critical part of the pass. The driver crossed himself religiously, but he did something more, for he was a brave-hearted, ready-witted fellow.

"Steady a-head, my hearties," he said, "we have a hard push, but with God's help we shall get through."

"What is the matter?" asked Max, waking as it were from a painful dream, and roused by the approach of danger to a healthier frame of mind.

"Storm and deluge," answered the man.

"Can you stem it?"

"I hope so, Gnädiger Herr, the horses are good."

"How far to the top of the pass and Splugen?"

"Two good hours, in fine weather; but now God's time."

"Away then, and two gold pieces you shall have if you bring the ladies safe."

"Not for that, Herr Baron," said the Tyrolese, "'tis my duty to these ladies."

Away they went, bravely battling with the storm, which soon raged fiercely about them, the road a river and each hill-side rill a torrent, while hail and sleet and rain came down upon them with all the fury of a storm among the mountains, unusual at this early season.

To talk was now more than an effort, and the attempt was made with hopeless results; the feeble voice of man was drowned in the roar of the elements. The horses shivered and staggered in their traces, and tried to turn aside to avoid the beating storm. Jakob, the driver, had leapt from his seat, and was peering through the mist to look for shelter. The young men in the carriage were piling cloaks and cushions round the ladies, in the vain attempt to protect them from the icy blast and deluge, and Chuckles had got Lina under the capacious folds of his cloak.

After a short lull, a heavier squall broke on the carriage, almost sweeping it into the abyss, and the rush of waters, sounding ominously in the valley on the left, proclaimed that the deluge was rising, submerging the road and cutting off their retreat.

With the eye of a soldier, Max, now fully himself, looked round for rescue, and sought relief in action.

"Where is the nearest shelter? How far?"

"There's a refuge, Herr, not far above, but I cannot see it through the mist."

"Is it possible to reach it?"

"Scarcely, with the road a river."

"We must try for it."

"In God's name forward," said the pious Tyrolese, making the sign of the Cross.

They had spoken in another momentary lull of the wind, but just as the driver, lashing the horses into frantic efforts, was urging their course upwards through the driving sleet and deluge, a hurricane seemed to sweep down on them. Taking the carriage on the beam, to use nautical language, it drove the vehicle to the edge, here unprotected by break or barrier, and notwithstanding all the struggles of Jakob and Max, helpless as children at such a moment, it rolled the conveyance over the declivity into the darkness.

Max was paralyzed for a moment by the suddenness and imminence of the danger, but instantly recovering himself, rushed forward with Jakob to rescue, if possible, those who had been thus capsized. A few steps brought them into a tangled mass of fern, bilberry bush, and stunted furze, growing thick and matted and forming a kind of yielding bed of plants, covering a narrow ledge among the rocks, and suspended apparently over a great height of precipice; the wild torrents thundering madly below.

The horses kicking and struggling furiously were dragging

the carriage nearer and nearer to the edge, a few minutes more and they would have dragged it over. Max, seeing the critical position, without giving a thought to anything else, rushed to one of the horses and cut its traces, while Jakob did the like to the other—a necessary sacrifice; once set free, they soon scrambled to their feet, and disappeared, lost amidst the din and gloom of the tempest.

Now Max's thoughts were directed to the sufferers in the carriage. The aged Marchioness showed a coolness and high spirit worthy of her ancestors in this imminent peril, and stood erect, calm, and firm, giving the necessary directions for extracting the other travellers. Christopher, still weak from his wounds, had forgotten himself, to think of others, and in the absence of the driver, had made efforts to stop the horses, which had brought on fresh bleeding from his wounds; he was almost prostrate from weakness. Gertrude, perfectly self-possessed, was trying to support him and shield him from the blast which seemed to take his breath away. Chuckles and the fair Lina were for a time given up for lost, but they soon emerged unhurt from the wet shrubs, having rolled into a kind of bower among the ferns, where for some time they were unable to move, half smothered under the lancer's thick cloak and a pile of luggage which had shot down upon them.

It was evident in a moment to Max that the carriage was safe for a time, and that it afforded some shelter to the ladies and to the wounded officer; but he saw also that the time of safety was limited, that the deluge was increasing, that soon additional torrents, with landslips and falling stones, would descend on the sheltering place and crush the carriage or carry it down into the abyss. He also saw that any long exposure in the night air would be fatal to Christopher, if not to the Marchioness and to his sister.

If life was to be saved, no time must be lost. Some one must brave the storm, and seek to obtain the nearest aid. He knew and felt that he was the strongest man of the party, and he was in a strait between his desire to stay by his friends and his anxiety to hurry for assistance. Jakob, the brave Tyrolese driver, was indeed a hardy, plucky fellow, used to mountain disasters, but unluckily he had suffered a severe sprain while jumping after the carriage and could only walk with difficulty. Happily at this juncture Chuckles disengaged himself from the avalanche of luggage, his face rosy and bathed

with sleet and rain, and Lina too came forward somewhat frightened but always good-tempered.

"Come on, old fellow!" shouted Max above the tempest. "I thought you had gone to your doom and taken the maid with you."

"Safe and at your service, sir," answered the man coolly.

"Your master is faint, and the ladies are all in danger; Jakob is disabled, ask him where to seek the nearest help." The ledge where they had descended was partially covered from the scream of the storm, enabling them to hear each other's voices.

Chuckles was quick witted, he was soon made to understand that some herdsmen's chalets lay a little off the road about a quarter of a mile above, and near the next refuge, or *Casa di ricovero*. He was to try to reach it, and without another word, with his good-humoured, storm-battered face in a broad grin and his foraging cap pulled tight on his brow, he set out to fight the Alpine whirlwind, with that British determination and energy of which he had a good share.

He was long gone, and the minutes seemed hours, for time was precious, and the travellers' lives depended upon speedy succour. The frame of mind of those who remained with the carriage was anything but hopeful, though all bore themselves nobly in this emergency. Christopher was gasping painfully and Gertrude was seeking to keep off the icy blast with shawls and cushions. He made no complaint, and even smiled pleasantly, but there was a slight froth of blood at his mouth that looked very ominous. The Marchioness was deadly pale, and it was evident that the exposure and anxiety were in the highest degree dangerous for her. Max and the others moved about on all sides trying to give help and place barriers against the onslaught of the whirlwind and the inundation.

Soon the dusky twilight air was filled with flakes of snow, and the devoted party were in danger of being buried in a snowdrift, the weakest among them sinking into that deepest sleep begotten of cold and from which there is no awakening on earth. The entire hillside appeared now to be one stream of discoloured water bringing down fragments of trees and rocks, and it was evident that a few more hours would settle their doom.

After stamping about impatiently for some time, Max could no longer restrain himself, and seeing that something must be done at once, he said to Gertrude: "I must go to look out and to hasten help;" then he scrambled up the road to see after Chuckles and the expected aid.

Night was descending fast and with it the thickening snow rendered all objects undefined. With difficulty he found the road and splashed down a few hundred yards, knee-deep in mud and icy water. No sign as yet of help—nothing but the blinding, pitiless snow-storm and the hurricane howling around.

Even the stout heart of Max, steeled to danger of all kinds, and used to the terrors of battle, quailed a moment, not for himself, but for those dearest to him. Should he go on or turn back? both seemed desperate measures, and he was in a very agony of mind when a faint glimmer seemed to meet his eye in the mist, and he fancied he heard the sound of human voices and of a dog barking. Nor was he deceived; a few strides brought him to a party of hardy mountaineers, led by Chuckles and accompanied by two large dogs of the St. Bernard breed. The men had brought two rude chaises-a-porteur, which they fortunately kept in their hamlet, for those unable to walk up the pass.

Words of explanation were not needed. Chuckles had told them in broken German what it was essential to know, and the brave fellows were rattling along, up hill and in the teeth of the storm, with the light springy step of mountaineers.

On they went as far as Max could calculate the distance he had descended, but who shall describe his horror, when, after a desperate search, no trace of the carriage or the place where it stood could be detected, no sound of human voices came from the whirlwind answering their agonized appeals. The whole hillside appeared one mass of rubbish, brought down by the rushing waters, and all was enveloped now in one common shroud of snow, obliterating all trace of what had been before. They were alone in a chaos of devastation.

# Reviews.

#### I.—THE METAPHYSICS OF THE SCHOOL,1

THE learned author of this work has been compelled to divide his long-promised volume, and to publish the shorter part, about one-third of the whole, without waiting for the completion of its fellow. It is eminently characteristic of Father Harper's mind to take what we will venture to call "compound interest" in his subject, as the various portions of it unfold themselves successively to his view; and there are large dividends, in consequence, for the shareholders, his readers, besides a bonus in the form of a long and interesting Appendix, in which the teaching of the Angelic Doctor as to the efficient causes of the generation of living bodies is considered "in its bearings on modern physical discoveries." For all these things we are grateful. But looking to the future, and observing the allusion in the Preface to the present volume to the author's failing health, we confess to a misgiving as to the expediency of so much reference to "modern science," when the main object is acknowledged to be the clear and integral exposition of the metaphysics of the school. However, we are consoled to hear that the larger half of what remains of the forthcoming volume is already written; and that that half includes the all-important subject of Free-will. We can thus look with confidence to its speedy appearance. If the "science" temptation were resisted, for to our minds it is a temptation, our hopes would reach farther. Nine books were promised; we are now about half-way through the fifth of them. The general order, method, and divisions of Suarez were assumed as the logical basis of the work; even at the end of the present publication the ground covered extends only to three hundred and thirty-six pages of Suarez' folio out of nearly a thousand. It can hardly be expected that another mind will be found,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The Metaphysics of the School. By Thomas Harper, S.J. Vol. III., Part I. London: Macmillan and Co., 1884.

should Father Harper unfortunately leave his work unfinished, both able and willing to proceed on the same lines, and to make the expression of itself continuous with what shall then have been published. And in these matters it is for the mind, the whole mind, to speak out its whole self, if it will command attention. Men may resemble each other in their faces, gestures, habits, or tastes; but a man's mind, especially if he has scratched beneath the surface of things, has had a history peculiar to itself; and it is chiefly what that history has made it. Perhaps these considerations go some way towards justifying our jealousy of the attentions paid by Father Harper to "modern science."

It remains briefly to indicate the scope of the pages just published. They are occupied almost exclusively with Efficient Causality in general—its Definition and Divisions, its Reality, its Formal Principiants, its Conditions, and its Relations to the Effects which we are accustomed to ascribe to it. A sixth Article of only eighteen pages suffices for the further considera-

tion of Necessary Causes.

I. The Definition of the Efficient Cause, adopted and maintained by Father Harper, is that of Aristotle: The Efficient Cause is that "from which is the beginning of change or of rest." Hunting for definitions was, as is well known, a strong point with Aristotle. He seldom failed to bring down his game with true sportsman-like neatness and precision. We could mention a long list of such definitions, every one of them a whole chapter of metaphysic in itself. Father Harper subjects this particular one to a very painstaking analysis, and vindicates its superiority to that which Suarez would have us substitute for it. After the Definitions follow the Divisions of the Efficient Cause, which need not detain us.

2. The Reality of Efficient Causation is argued, firstly "from the universal authority of philosophers, Pagan as well as Christian;" then "from the common sense of mankind;" and, thirdly, from the absurdities which would follow upon the denial of it. These proofs are worked out at some length. They are, moreover, excellent in themselves; though it can scarcely be said that they go to the root of the matter, from the metaphysician's point of view. It may be noticed also that they are taken from Suarez, who gives no others. Father Harper, in this, surpasses his model, and adds six other proofs of the thesis, derived substantially, as we could have guessed without the reminder of a footnote, from the Angelic Doctor himself. Still Father

Harper only indicates the drift of them; as if he too were afraid of attributing to them more than a confirmatory value. Yet by St. Thomas they are adduced as absolute demonstrations; and from what we know of Thomism we can vouch for it, that they would have been fastened upon greedily and made to do duty as the pièce de résistance, if one of that school

had furnished the banquet.

The reader will naturally ask, Can it be that neither Father Harper nor Suarez has seen the full force of these demonstrations? We are afraid that something to this effect will have to be admitted. There are a number of indications scattered broadcast in the pages of Suarez that what his mind put into the terms Essence, Subsistence, Being (in the sense of actuality of existence), did not correspond in every respect to the meanings attributed to those same terms as employed by the Angelic Doctor. There are reasons, again, why these indications should be more visible to the Thomists than to the Suarezians, if we may venture to use these terms without committing ourselves to all that some people imply by them. Into these reasons this is not the place to enter. But to prevent misunderstanding it is necessary to protest that from the admission we are making, it by no means follows that we must make light of Suarez' metaphysic. The two volumes of Suarez contain a most admirably worked-out system, the product of a giant mind, and supremely worthy of that mind. But a divergence, if there were any, on the fundamental ideas indicated above could not possibly exist, and not work its way to the surface to be encountered at every turn. The particular manifestation of it which we are now considering is only one of many. With St. Thomas, pure and simple "Being," called by him Esse simpliciter, was such, that finite causes could only be instruments, not principals, to its production; such also that it would involve as its essential complement, or rather as its own formal effect, the being what the schoolmen called a principium agendi quod, that is, a separate source and virtual possessor of possible powers and activities. Now neither of these two propositions could be held consistently with the view taken of "Being," or "Existence," by Suarez and by those who follow him. A glance, however, at proofs IV.-IX., as they stand in Father Harper's pages (pp. 24, 25), will reveal that both are required as the ground on which one or more of those proofs must stand, if they are to stand at all. We might add much

more on this subject. What we have said is not meant by way of attack. We think it very important that Suarez should be studied; and for that purpose we desire above all things that Father Harper may be spared to continue the work he has begun and carried on with such devotion and spirit.

Though the present volume, even more than either of its predecessors, exhibits notable instances of departure from the distinctive teaching of his guide, yet the author's plan and method force him on each occasion to do full justice to the conclusions he rejects. This is an immense gain to the reader, in view of the copious extracts from St. Thomas supplied in the For the opportunity is thus afforded of a direct comparison between the main doctrines of an important school of Catholic philosophy and the mind which it professes to inter-For ourselves, we will candidly admit that we have been thereby brought to the conviction that Suarez has just missed the point on which the perfection of unity and simplicity depends in the science of metaphysic; and that, in consequence, there will be no way for us out of endless controversies, no possibility of simplification, no definite advance of scientific certainty, no permanent results of the conflicts with hostile opinions and prejudices, as long as we confine ourselves to the "general order, method, and divisions of Suarez." On the other hand no good can come of refusing to profit by that which is eminently instructive and profoundly true, merely because we cannot transfer it bodily and without assimilation into the system of truth which we have made our own. Our object in these remarks has been to suggest that the battle of the two schools may possibly have arisen from the fact that each has been looking too exclusively at its own side of the shield; and to point out a way of passing from one side to the other without any sacrifice of the truth for which each has been contending.

3. The next point touched by Father Harper is the Formal Principiant of Efficiency in finite causes. By Formal Principiant must be understood the power or faculty with which an efficient cause, or *principium quod*, such as we mentioned above, is found to be furnished, and by virtue of which it is enabled to produce the effect. Father Harper, in a few clear propositions, shows that every such formal principiant must be an accident, even when the effect produced is a new substance. In this latter case, however, the accident is but the "instrument" of the substance.

Here follows the Appendix, of which we spoke. It deals

with the formal principiants of the generation (1) of chemical compounds, (2) of plants, and (3) of animals. Father Harper's object is to show that recent discoveries in physical science, if facts be separated from mere theories, "are unexceptionally in harmony with the scholastic doctrine." He will be allowed to have succeeded in his purpose on the whole; though not, we should imagine, in his identification of the temperamentum commixtionis of St. Thomas with the "Law of Equivalent Proportions," nor in his suggestion that the "phenomena of metameric bodies" are referred to in the scholastic term æqualitas complexionis. For the rest we must send our readers to the Appendix itself, which they will find pleasant reading. One protest, however, must be made against calling a spermcell, or any other cell, an accident of the parent. It is only the expression we quarrel with. The truth intended to be conveyed is a deep truth, and beyond the reach of question. It is by virtue of one or more of its "accidental beings,"—that is, by virtue of being this, that, or the other, which it might cease to be without losing its real identity—that the parent plant or animal is enabled to bring its specific and specifying power to bear upon the natural process of reproduction; and to communicate to its instrument, the sperm-cell, a definite momentum or energizing "set" towards its term. It would be a great mistake to confound this "set," as we have called it, with the chemical affinities and other physical properties of the matter of the sperm-cell. We do not ascribe the motion communicated to the chisel by the hand, or the "set" of that motion towards the purpose to be realized by it, to the nature of the tempered steel or of the sharpened edge. A blow from a missile is rightly traced to the thrower, because the whole bodily mass requires to be "informed" with that half-thing we call motion, if it is to be made actively efficient of mischief. Thus the thrower, who impressed the motion, in reality strikes the blow. And no less is it the parent who causes the production of his offspring, by means of that accidental half-being, neither definitely life, nor definitely not life, after the type of the parent, but a "being in motion towards such life," which the sperm-cell has received, over and above its own physical composition, and which must be traced directly and solely, as such, to the specific vital principle, to the parent's very soul.

But we must not dwell longer on this interesting subject. Let our readers study Father Harper's pages if they wish for

more. One thought, perhaps, will suggest itself, viz., that the dry abstractions of metaphysic may, after all, have very definite bearings on physical problems. And so some one may be more kindly disposed to read on, and to create an interest for himself in that more purely abstract metaphysical problem, which our author attacks next; -how, viz., on the supposition that in finite beings the formal principiant in every act of causation must be an accident, it is possible for substance to be the principiant of any accident whatever. The solution is found in the existence of those inseparable accidents, which have received the name of "properties." These are "virtually" contained in the essences to which they respectively belong; in such sort that it would be a contradiction for the Creator to give existence to those essences and withhold it from their properties; as, for instance, to create a human soul without its faculties, of understanding and of volition. It is thus possible for some faculties, active and passive and mixed, to spring up in the Substance by a natural resultance, without efficiency; and by the means of these we are made to pass without contradiction to the possibility of accidental causality.

4. We have left ourselves barely room to mention the Conditions of Causality, though the discussion of one of their number does bring in the controversy about "Action at a distance." The reader will find, on reference, that the treatment given to that question does not err on the side of superficiality. There is, as was right and proper, a deferential introduction to disarm prejudice, a sort of hand-shaking in witness of calm temper and good will to deal hard blows. Then all is merged in the vigour of the fight.

5. The remaining Articles are but short; and contain nothing that need be mentioned here.

On the whole we think we may very well congratulate Father Harper on the volume he has given us. What we lack in him we lack also in his master and model, though not, we think, in St. Thomas. What we find, and find abundantly, are precious principles, whose acceptance by our men of science would save them endless wanderings after will-o'-the-wisp theories, clearness and solidity of reasoning, which those who do our "thinking" for us might copy with advantage, and a thorough-hearted devotion to a good though much despised cause which, so far as we can read the signs of the times, is destined to attract more wide-spread and more genuine sympathy as time goes on.

2.—FATHER HUMPHREY ON THE RELIGIOUS STATE.1

Father Humphrey's work on *The Religious State* is a digest of the treatise of the celebrated Jesuit, Suarez.

The very existence of such a book may appear in these days a strange phenomenon, when the supernatural has to give way to the natural, and the study of the unnatural is regarded as of less importance than the investigation of matter and its properties. Here is a science as important, surely, as Chemistry or Astronomy, Physiology or Pathology, and yet, men in general do not realize its existence. Indeed it would seem true to say, The more important a science, the less does the world and the present age esteem it, and the fewer are its students. Here is a science that has for its object not the mere body which is common to us with the brutes; -not mere morality and our natural duties to God, our neighbour and ourselves, which are common to us with Aristotle and Seneca,-but the highest perfection of our highest faculties aided by the grace of God, and men are so taken up with the trifles of this sensible world in which we live that next to none of the millions of Englishspeaking men will take the trouble to read a dozen pages of the book that treats of it. We may even fear that many Catholics will be alarmed at the technicalities which are necessarily found in so scientific an analysis of "Religious Life" as that before us. Let it be our purpose to speak in simple language of some of the great truths presented to us by Father Humphrey; and a popular account of them may offer an inducement to earnest readers to master the scientific treatment of the same in the Digest of Father Suarez.

"The Religious State":--What then is meant by the

Religious State?

Charity, we know, is perfection both in God and man. The religious State then, which has to do with Perfection must have something to do with Charity. Charity in man is the likeness of the Charity which is in God,—which is God. The perfection of charity in man stands in the perfect resemblance of man's Will to the Will of God: and to the formation of this resemblance there are obstacles which have to be overcome. The more completely the obstacles are removed, the better the

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Suarez on the Religious State. A Digest of the Doctrine contained in his Treatise, "De Statu Religionis." By Rev. W. Humphrey, S.J. Burns and Oates.

chance of attaining to the likeness of God. There are obstacles within ourselves and outside ourselves: our own froward will is the obstacle within us and the things and persons, with which and with whom we may have to do, supply the obstacles outside us. An inordinate affection for persons,—an inordinate affection for things in the pursuit of wealth or of honour,—will hinder the production of the likeness of God which ought to be pourtrayed in our souls. Selfishness, in one or other of its hateful forms,—self-love, self-will, self-interest will stand in the way of our becoming like God.

How are these impediments to our growth in charity,—to our resemblance to the Divine Character, to be met?

A man who has acquired wealth and experiences its dangerousness, might seriously consider what portion of his wealth is really necessary for the modest maintenance of his position in life and he might limit himself to this: perseverance in this resolution would enable him to escape the impediments to virtue which are presented by riches. A man who by observation and experience had noted the dangers to virtue arising from pleasure, might absent himself from or mix but sparingly in the promiscuous society in which pleasure is the predominant element, and by devotion to study or the amiable innocence of domestic life, might keep clear of the evil effects of indulgence and live a virtuous bachelor or blameless husband. A man who had by experience learned the insecurity of trusting to his own judgment might look out for a friend more advanced in age and of tried wisdom, by whose counsel he might shape his course and so, escape the mistakes into which he might have fallen, had he trusted to his own wits.

Here is a way in which men might be enabled to overcome the impediments which daily occur, and hinder the modelling the soul to the likeness of God by charity. But how few are those who could or would carry out this plan and persevere! What guarantee is there here for its stability?

Besides, to straighten the bent stick, the stick must be bent in the opposite direction, and we can hardly expect that such serious impediments as exist to producing the Likeness of God in man, will be overcome by aiming merely at the *juste milieu*. It will be safer to propose a higher standard and adopt vigorous means towards attaining it. The adoption of this higher standard than ordinary, every-day, goodness is carried out by practising not only what God commands but what He counsels. Our

Catholic Readers will hardly require to be told what is the distinction between what is of command and what is of counsel. It is a command that men shall be chaste; it is a counsel that men should forego the married life, -our Lord does not oblige men to do so, He says, "He that can take, let him take it." 1 Not to act according to God's command must be wrong, not to act according to a counsel is not of itself wrong: we are bound to obey a command, we are not bound to follow a counsel. Commands are the fortifications which protect the citadel: counsels are the outworks which prevent the enemy from approaching the Citadel: commands are the bulwarks, counsels are the breakwater. Confine yourself to obedience to the commands and it is well, only you might be safer; adopt the counsels and it is safest. It is good to keep only the commands, it is better to keep both commands and counsels: of the two the commands are most indispensable for if they are obeyed, there results charity without the counsels, but to aim at practising the counsels without keeping the commands would be the hallucination of a madman. The warlike strength and vigour of Hector were not in his armour but in the unarmed man; his armour could do nothing without him; but his armour, when donned, protected its wearer against mishaps and made it easier for him to utilize his natural strength.

We must now take another step. A man may with the best intentions in the world resolve privately to practise the Three Counsels of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience as breakwaters against the temptations to sin. To preclude the dangers incidental to wealth he may resolve to practise voluntary poverty, to live like a poor man: against the immorality of the age, he may resolve on perpetual chastity; against pride and self-will he may resolve to follow the advice of an experienced Confessor: but when all this is done his consciousness of his need of help, his mistrust of himself will raise in his mind another difficulty: How can I hope to persevere? These resolutions, so far, have but small element of perpetuity. Left to himself, a man may easily slide back into self-indulgence: associating daily with the world, a man may easily be fascinated and give up the Counsel of Virginity for the chastity of matrimony: a man may lose his confessor and not easily find another in whose judgment he could implicitly confide. What remains for him to do?

<sup>1</sup> St. Matt. xix. 12.

He might add to his private resolution, the obligation of a private promise to Almighty God, that is, of a private vow to practise spiritual poverty and chastity and obedience to a wise and experienced friend. This would intensify his resolution and add to its stability; and many have doubtless under such a private vow been sanctified, grown in God's likeness and persevered. Still, though diminished, the risk of perseverance continues and in fact, the Church of God has provided for the exigency and sanctioned arrangements which immensely diminish the chances of non-perseverance. She has provided houses where stability of purpose may be ensured by the obligatory practice, voluntarily adopted, of the counsels.

To such homes now let us turn. Here the pledge taken is not a mere private resolution, nor a mere private promise made to God, that is, a mere private vow: here a man offers himself wholly for the training; here all the surroundings enforce the common and daily practice of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience ;-of Poverty, i.e. of possessing nothing as one's own,-of Chastity, i.e. of freedom from the entanglements of the wedded life,—of Obedience, i.e. of promptness and willingness to do all that an experienced Superior bids, provided he bids nothing contrary to conscience. Such a training entered on without reserve, with an understanding that after due probation the candidate should be allowed to bind himself to the Life of the Counsels by Vow, would change the condition of comparative insecurity into a state of comparative certainty. This new condition is called a State on account of the stability: a state of *Perfection* because its end is to trace God's likeness in the pupil and remove all impediments: and since the means are distinguished from all that is merely worldly, it is called the Religious State.2

Those who propose to themselves to acquire the spiritual advantages which belong to this State will obviously, after making the start, pass through the various stages of progress till the highest degree is reached. In the school of perfection, they will pass through a noviceship in which their character will be tried; here they will appear as beginners and make some progress: if at the end of the noviceship they find no reason to change their mind, they will offer themselves to the Religious Order which they may have chosen and bind themselves by simple religious vows to use the means necessary for a life of

religious perfection and so may make progress towards perfection: and many may become as perfect as the weakness of poor human nature, aided by grace, may allow. This progress in religious life corresponds to the Three Ways, technically called, the Purgative, the Illuminative, the Unitive.<sup>3</sup>

Perhaps by taking one of the Counsels and noting successively the various ways of practising it more and more perfectly, we may realize better the general question of Perfection without and with vows. We will take the Counsel of Chastity as supplying the clearest distinction of the kinds of obligation by which a man may bind himself to the practice of a Counsel.

(1) A man may have learned to admire the Life of Chastity, practised by some around him, as contributing to the exercise of self-denying charity and simply choose to follow the example he admires without pledging himself to it by any kind of promise. This is good and laudable but can hardly be thought secure.

(2) A man may with or without the assent and approval of his Confessor bind himself to the life of chastity by a private vow for a time. This would increase the security but still, were circumstances to arise which rendered it desirable that the person who had made the private vow should marry, it is plain that there would be no very great difficulty in obtaining a

dispensation.

(3) The promise made to God, *i.e.*, the vow, might be not merely for a time, say, for six months, or a year, but perpetual: *i.e.*, it might be a vow of perpetual chastity. Circumstances might render it desirable to seek for a dispensation and though with greater difficulty a dispensation might be obtained. In the ordinary faculties granted by Bishops and Confessors, there is given the power of dispensing for the vow of chastity, if it is not perpetual. If it is a vow of perpetual chastity, recourse must be had to the Bishop or to a Religious Superior to whom such faculty may have been granted by the Holy See. Thus far the vow of Chastity has been regarded irrespective of any Religious Order,—as taken by persons living in the world.

The bearing of vows on the contract of marriage introduces an important distinction with regard to the more or less serious

character of vow which has been taken.

The vow of Chastity with which we have, so far, been concerned, is of course an impediment to marriage. It renders it unlawful for the person who has taken the vow to contract

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. vol. i. p. 36.

marriage. Still were any one who had taken a private vow of Chastity to make up his mind to contract marriage without a dispensation, he would indeed sin, but the marriage, however illicit, would be valid.<sup>4</sup>

(4) The promise made to God, that is, the vow of Chastity, might be made by a religious at the end of his noviceship. It is the law now, in consequence of the decree of Pius the Ninth,<sup>5</sup> that in all religious orders of men that have solemn vows, only simple vows shall be taken at the end of the noviceship for at least three years. The impediment presented now to the contract of marriage would become much more serious, but still, though it would render it grievously sinful to contract the marriage tie, it would not invalidate the contract.

(5) In the Society of Jesus, the Novices have from its foundation been admitted at the end of their novitiate to the three simple vows. But here is introduced an element of increased stability. It is determined by the Holy See that these simple vows, in contradistinction to other simple vows, not only make it unlawful to contract marriage but invalidate it if attempted.<sup>6</sup> It is the Holy See that determines this, the same Holy See gives power to superiors to dismiss, for just causes, those who have taken these simple vows and then the person thus dismissed is free to marry.<sup>7</sup>

6. We enter now upon a new phase. Provision is made for stability in the practice of the counsel of chastity by the simple vow but by the solemn vow provision for stability is provided to the utmost.

And here let something be said on the subject of simple and solemn vows,—wherein they agree and how they differ. The difference between a simple and solemn vow is purely matter of Ecclesiastical Law. Precisely the same vow may be simple or solemn according to the way in which it is taken and the Church determines in that way a vow which is simple may be made solemn. Then, when a vow is made solemn, its effects by virtue of the same Ecclesiastical Law widely differ. Still the same authority of God's Church may, if she likes, attach to a simple vow consequences she ordinarily confines to a solemn vow. But then again as the authority of God's Church settles what makes a vow solemn and what are the effects of taking a solemn vow, so by her same authority she can, for good and sufficient

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* v. 1. p. 372. <sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* vol. i, p. 189. <sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 258. <sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* vol. i, p. 208.

reasons, release a man from the obligations to which she has admitted him.

We shall now by returning to our observations on the vow of Chastity at once conclude what we have to say on that vow in particular and illustrate the question of solemn vows in general.

How does a simple vow of chastity differ from a solemn vow of chastity? By the way in which it is taken. This does not mean that there are necessarily any elaborate ceremonies accompanying the taking of the vow. The greatest amount of such solemn ceremonies would never make a vow solemn unless that mode of taking the vow existed which the Church defines as necessary and as sufficient to make the vow solemn. For a solemn vow of chastity there must be two persons present, one promising or offering himself, and the other authorized to accept the promise or offering in the name of the Church or of God.8 The person takes the vow as solemn, and the person who receives it receives it as solemn, and then the vow is solemn, and the consequence follows that an attempt to contract marriage after taking the vow of chastity in this way, would be null and void.9 The same attempt after taking the simple vow of chastity would be unlawful but would not be invalid. The exception in favour of the simple vow of chastity taken at the end of the Jesuit novitiate,-for such vow invalidates the contract of marriage-only proves that the Church has the power, if she likes to use it, to attach to a simple vow a consequence which, as the rule, she attaches only to a solemn vow. To make it quite clear that a vow is taken as solemn it is necessary that this should be indicated by means of formal and express words; otherwise, the solemnity of the vow would be invalidated.10

As God's Church has authority to make regulations about simple and solemn vows and determine their effects so she who determines the nature of the impediment to contract marriage has power to remove the impediment. Suppose the case of a professed religious, under (therefore) the solemn vow of Chastity, whose marriage was necessary in order to keep up the succession in a Kingdom, the Church could dispense. So Ramirus, a monk and priest, of the line of the Kings of Aragon, was for the sake of the succession dispensed to leave his monastery and marry, and he had a son who succeeded to the Kingdom. Pope

8 Ibid. v. i. p. 82.
 9 Ibid. p. 397.
 10 Ibid. vol. i. p. 208. Note.
 11 Ibid. p. 395.

Alexander the Third, dispensed a young monk of Venice, of the family of the Giustiniani, to marry, for the sake of the family, which was almost extinct through loss in war. Again the Pope dispensed Constantia, a nun, to marry the Emperor Henry, son of Frederic Barbarossa, and raise up seed to her royal father. Casimir too, King of Poland, a professed Benedictine Monk, married by dispensation.12 The Church can remove the character of a professed religious and then the solemn vow of Chastity annexed to the state would naturally cease.13

Thus much by way of whetting the appetite of our readers for the study of Father Humphrey's valuable publication. They will find there the whole science of religious life as taught by Father Suarez, rendered more valuable still by the addition of such decrees of the Holy See which bear on the subject since Father Suarez' work was written. The three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience are fully explained: 14 the obligations of Religious, 15 Superiors and Subjects: the varieties of Religious Orders 16 are explained: and all the arcana of the mysterious Jesuits are exposed, 17 and we earnestly recommend the treatise to the perusal of their enemies.

#### 3.—THE TRAINING OF THE APOSTLES.1

It is a very common mistake to suppose that the Apostles were transformed in an instant, on the Day of Pentecost, from ignorant Jewish fishermen into Saints and Doctors of the Church, or at all events that, with the exception of the necessary influence of our Lord's companionship, they were untaught in the things of God previously to the Resurrection. Against this error the very title of Father Coleridge's work on the Public Life of our Lord is an implicit protest. He calls the volumes of which the one just issued is the third, The Training of the Apostles-implying that this was the object most prominent, or at all events very prominent, in the mind of our Lord. During

<sup>12</sup> Ibid. p. 253. 13 Ibid. pp. 403-4. <sup>14</sup> Ib. vol. i. pp. 283-403. ii. p. 1-38. 15 Ibid. vol. ii. pp. 88-193 and pp. 39-87.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid. vol. ii. 273—364.

17 Vol. ii. p. 366 to end and vol. iii.

1 The Training of the Apostles. Part III. By the Rev. H. J. Coleridge, S.J.

<sup>(</sup>Quarterly Series.) London: Burns and Oates, 1884.

the portion of His Life treated of in the present volume this is more especially the case, and Father Coleridge gives the reason for it. Hitherto our Lord had been rejected, indeed, and persecuted by His own, but now they go to further lengths. They invent the detestable calumny that all His works are done through the agency of the prince of the devils, and thus they draw away many of the people from Him, and render it desirable that He should in His Divine Wisdom retire more into private and devote Himself more immediately to preparing His twelve Apostles for their future work. His public teaching, both by miracle and parable and undisguised warning, at this time of His partial withdrawal from the eye and notice of the people and their rulers, turns mainly on the danger of resisting the known Truth and the almost unpardonable sin involved in turning away the hearts of the ignorant from the Light by declaring the Divine Teacher inspired by the Evil One. The calumny had just been promulgated by the Scribes and Pharisees on the occasion of the healing of a blind and dumb demoniac, as if the devils who had been cast out had taken refuge in the hearts of some of the malignant by-standers, blinding them to the truth and closing their mouths to any willing testimony to the Divine Mission of Him whose miracles they attributed to the prince of the devils. Our Lord at first argues against the absurdity of this supposition, and establishes the true meaning and source of His power, and then passes on to a solemn warning of the consequences of this deliberate and malicious perversion of the truth. The parables which follow seem to indicate the same thought dwelling in our Lord's mind, and when after a time He begins rather to instruct His disciples by His parables than to warn those to whom warning was addressed in vain, the danger of rejecting grace is still either prominent in His teaching or underlies the lessons more directly taught.

It is one of the many excellencies of Father Coleridge's books that he applies to modern times, with great ingenuity and in a way very practically useful, the warnings addressed to the Pharisees and their allies. Thus the following application of the parable of the devil cast out and returning with seven spirits worse than himself, is true of many leading Anglicans.

It is quite within the range of experience in a country like our own, in which God has undoubtedly been reviving, in many outside the Catholic Church, those instincts of love for her system which are the

natural inheritance of all rightly baptized souls, that there should be many persons, and even bodies or parties, who appear to draw nearer and nearer to Catholicism in a number of points of detail, whether of doctrine or of practice, while all the time they are becoming more and more hopelessly imbued with the heretical spirit, more and more resolutely determined never to submit to authority and to acknowledge the enormous sinfulness of wilful schism. In cases of this kind it may be most truly said that the last state of these men is worse than the first, because they began in ignorance, and were led on by the native beauty of the Catholic doctrine to lay aside one error after another, while at the same time they have become more and more consciously the leaders of parties and practically the founders of sects. They have tasted the sweets, miserable as they are, of personal influence over the souls of others, a temptation never more dangerous than in communities outside the Church, in which there is practically no supervision by authority of the action of individuals. They have exchanged the comparative innocence of opponents of the Church who are not responsible for their own position, for the malignity of deliberate rebels, and even for the open hostility of calumniators of the truth (pp. 88, 89).

We must confess to a little surprise at Father Coleridge's explanation of our Lord's words, "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him neither in this world nor in the world to come." He thinks that it simply means that such a sin as this will not go without some special punishment both before and after death. The passage is a difficult one, but we can scarcely suppose that our Lord's solemn words amount to nothing more than what is true of every deliberate sin. Father Coleridge's explanation is certainly not that which is commonly received, and seems to us to rob the passage of half its force.

But it is invidious work to point out individual flaws in a book so full of beautiful thoughts and solid instruction. Throughout the book we trace Father Coleridge's devotion to the sacred work he has undertaken, and it is impossible not to admire the theological knowledge and literary power it displays; above all, it bears evidence of a fervent piety and personal devotion to Him of whose Life it treats.

#### 4.—CANON LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.1

Among the many signs of revival in ecclesiastical studies which the present century has witnessed, none perhaps is more hopeful and important than the keen interest everywhere manifested for the science of Canon Law. Italy, France, particularly Germany, have seen the publication of most able and extensive works in that branch of ecclesiastical learning, and thus the traditions left to us by the great canonists of former times have been resumed and scientifically associated to the more recent legislation produced in our own days by the unceasing activity of the Church. But Canon Law is not merely a branch of ecclesiastical erudition, interesting to the few who unite to much leisure the tastes of a scholar. Canon Law is pre-eminently a practical science, and the faithful expression of the daily life of the Church. Hence the absolute necessity for those who are called to be pastors and rulers in Christ's fold, and for the clergy generally, to have a solid knowledge of the Church's laws and of their practical applications to individual cases. This we find expressed with legal emphasis in the decretals of Gregory the Ninth, themselves an integral portion of the Corpus Juris: "Canonum statuta custodiantur ab omnibus et nemo in actionibus vel judiciis ecclesiasticis, suo sensu sed eorum auctoritate ducatur."2 But unfortunately time and opportunities are often wanting to those who are most concerned with the practical aspect of ecclesiastical law, for even those who have already acquired a sufficient knowledge of the science, may find it very difficult to keep pace with its daily growth. Thus the want is often felt of some publication of moderate size and of sufficient authority, in which the most recent documents emanated from the Holy See, the latest decisions of the Roman Congregations, and generally all Church matters relating to morals and discipline, should be concisely and accurately recorded. Such a publication appears to be the Journal du Droit Canon et de la Jurisprudence Canonique, which we have just received from Paris. This periodical, edited, with the approval and blessing of our Holy Father Pope Leo the Thirteenth, by a distinguished Roman advocate, the Marchese F. Liberati, with the co-operation of several Roman jurists

2 Decr. lib. i. tit. 2. c. 1.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Journal du Droit Canon et de la Jurisprudence Canonique, Paraissant à la fin de chaque Mois. 4e Année. Paris : 17, Rue Cassette.

and canonists, has been now for four years entirely devoted to the propagation of true Catholic principles of public and private ecclesiastical law. Every month a detailed account is given of the work done by the chief Roman Congregations. The Review is published in French, but the Latin text of all official documents is also added. In the numbers now before us we have observed many things of great interest to English, Irish, and American readers, and it is to be hoped that this useful publication may become better known on this side of the Channel.

#### 5.—PILGRIMS AND SHRINES.1

Miss Starr has done good service to Christian art and Christian piety by the production of her two handsome volumes entitled Pilgrims and Shrines, adorned with some fifty attractive etchings, the work of her own hand. The style and matter of the book both deserve high praise. The title indeed is not just such as would catch the mass of Mr. Mudie's subscribers; and even, we fear, may fail to recommend the book to many Catholic readers on both sides of the Atlantic, to whom its contents might not have appealed in vain. Not a few will naturally associate the title, Pilgrims and Shrines, with pictures of winding processions, and holy wells and marvellous cures vouchsafed as the reward of that simple faith, which is in such small favour with the cultured Christians of our time; and so, many of these, unwilling to occupy themselves with anything so quite too entirely "good," will have missed a contribution to art history and hagiology, not only brought out in a style to satisfy even the demands of our art-worshipping public, but-a thing so rarely met with in even the Christian art criticism of our day-conceived and written under the influence of that spirit which first quickened into life the glorious works described—the spirit of Christian faith and Christian love.

When planning a little Continental tour, and looking forward gladly to a visit to some of those hallowed sites where Christian Art has enshrined and glorified Christian heroism, many of us doubtless have longed for a friend with tastes and sympathies like our own, and with the leisure and energy moreover to "make up" beforehand from authentic sources the story of each

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Pilgrims and Shrines. By Eliza Allen Starr. Chicago: Union Catholic Publishing Company.

shrine to be visited; not that travesty to be met with so often in a Murray or a Bædeker—whose flippant narrative, even when not accompanied with the sneer, is calculated rather to beget incredulity than to inspire confidence—but the story as it stands recorded in the history of the Church, or enshrined in the heart of Catholic devotion. Such a friend the Catholic visitor to Rome will find in the writer of the work before us. But Pilgrims and Shrines is far from being a mere guide-book or addressed to travellers alone. It is rather a delightful manual, descriptive of early Christian faith and piety as it stands to-day crystallized in the fairest forms of Christian art. The design of the work will be best seen by the following passage from the introduction:

The real motive has been to tell the story of places made sacred by Christian associations, according to Christian testimony. To give to Catholic children more especially [the American child, be it remembered, is precocious] the story of those places as written by the greatest historians of the great Christian centuries; not modified by modern suppositions or modern incredulity, but according to that integrity which belongs to the earliest documents and the earliest itineraries, transmitted to us, as they have been, by men living in the full blaze of criticism, and to whose reputation for learning, for exactness, to say nothing of honesty, the least twisting of facts, the least flaw would have been fatal.

However, we are not to conclude from this that the writer has ignored the results of modern historical research, as will be seen from her own express statement:

With all the simplicity of narrative which I have tried to keep I have diligently woven into it whatever I could lay hold of from the writers within my reach. Murray, Bædeker, Hare were my companions through their valuable guide-books [Miss Starr, however, finds it necessary to qualify the adjective "valuable" in the course of her work]; but I frankly own that when these works conflicted with a Chanoine de Bleser, or the testimony of a Bosio, a Baronius, a P. Marchi, or a M. de Rossi, I have unhesitatingly followed the latter; inasmuch as they are acknowledged to have touched the fountain heads of knowledge as investigators.

The book is the result of a visit to Europe made a few years ago in company with a very intelligent and amiable party of New England friends, in whose company also the reader is kindly invited to travel, and whose remarks he is allowed to overhear, but to whom he receives no further introduction. This

we must confess to having felt at times a little tantalizing. This visit to the Eternal City-at least so far as the authoress is concerned-was evidently made in that spirit which should animate every Catholic visitor to the shrine of the Apostlesthe spirit of the pilgrim rather than of the tourist. The work abounds in charming descriptions of art and nature in and around Rome; while Paris, Turin, and "the City of St. Ambrose," are not left unvisited on the way out, or Monte Cassino, Orvieto, Siena and Pisa on the way home. We regret that we have not space to give some samples of Miss Starr's power of word-painting, and her perception of material beauty. In the triumphs of Christian art indeed, where others see but statues or pictures, she can perceive and reverence the embodiment of Catholic faith and Catholic dogma; and so, viewing them in that sacred light in which alone their beauties can be rightly seen, and writing of them in the spirit which had overshadowed the artist as he worked, she makes her page, without an effort, and all unconsciously, itself a real work of art.

## 6.—JUNGMANN'S DISSERTATIONS ON ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.<sup>1</sup>

Rather more than a year ago we had occasion to review very favourably in these pages Father De Smedt's Principes de la Critique Historique. We do not remember to have met with a book in which the canons of historical criticism, so lucidly set forth by Father De Smedt, are more admirably applied than they are in the volume named above. We once heard it said, in answer to a plea for according to history a prominent place in the educational curriculum of Catholics, that history is a study which, however useful in the way of imparting information, does not train the mind. That this is true of history as studied in a majority of our English handbooks, we freely confess. But if any one wishes to see how history may be made an instrument for training the mind as well as for imparting information, we would invite him to read a few hundred of Dr. Jungmann's pages. To special graces of style Dr. Jungmann's dissertations make no pretence; even the typography is not as faultless as might be desired: but if the student will learn

 $<sup>^{\</sup>rm 1}$  Discertationes Selectæ in Historian Ecclesiasticum, Auctore Bernardo Jungmann. Tom, iv.

how history is to be studied; what are the best sources, primary and secondary, to which he must have recourse if he would supplement the information which the author conveys; what are the characteristics, and what the comparative trustworthiness, of contemporary writers; what the chief controversies which have arisen in connection with the period treated of; and what are the grounds of the various opinions that have been advanced; he will find much satisfaction in the pages of the Louvain professor.

The volume under review contains five dissertations, each broken up into several chapters, and dealing with the history of the Church in the tenth and eleventh centuries. To single out a few particulars for commendation, we would especially praise the author's clever dissection of some of Luitprand's garrulous fables about Theodora and Marozia, Formosus, Sergius, and other Popes of the tenth century; his treatment of the question of investitures; and his discussion of the deposing power of the Popes. We should know how much importance to attach to a detailed account, let us say of Ket's rising, given by an author who should suppose that Henry the Eighth was immediately succeeded by Queen Elizabeth. Yet such a blunder as this is committed by the partisan chronicler Luitprand, whose appetizing details about scandals in the Papal Court are eagerly snatched up and adopted by anti-Catholic historians. Dr. Jungmann's chapter on investitures it is the less necessary to say more than that it is excellent, because the subject has been recently so fully treated in Mr. Rule's admirable Life of St. Anselm. In dealing with the question of the deposing power of the Popes, Dr. Jungmann first quotes, only to set them aside, the somewhat loose and crude opinions on this subject of the illustrious historian Cesare Cantù. He next gives more at length the more careful statements of Gosselin, who, as is well known, bases the indirect power of the Pontiff over temporal sovereigns on the custom and usage embodied in the laws, written and unwritten, of the time. Dr. Jungmann points out that, for a Catholic, the primary source of information on the subject lies in the Pontifical documents wherein it is dealt with. Quoting these at some length, the learned author finds that St. Gregory the Seventh by no means appeals in vindication of his acts to any basis of contemporary custom or of human law, but distinctly and explicitly to the power conferred on his predecessor St. Peter by Christ Himself-a power, however, for the

exercise of which he must of necessity be dependent upon the existence of a state of society organized on Christian principles.

#### 7.—LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.1

The Princess Alice was always a favourite in her native country, and the volume which has been recently published, containing the letters she wrote to her mother, will certainly increase the esteem and affection wherewith the English people ever regarded her.

Every one knows that the Princess Alice was the second daughter of the Queen, and that at the age of nineteen, six months after the loss of her dearly-loved father, she was married to Prince Louis of Hesse, and passed the remainder of her life at Darmstadt, with the exception of a yearly visit of some weeks to England. The interest of the book before us centres, however, not in the brief sketch it gives of her uneventful life, but in the insight it affords into a character of rare worth and exceptional beauty, and into the inner life of one who, for warmth of heart, brightness of intelligence, and practical good sense, rarely has been surpassed. Even as a child she showed proof of real kindness of heart and delicate consideration for others—qualities rare in children.

I remember well [a former dresser of the Queen relates] meeting the royal children playing in the corridor, and as I passed on, the Prince of Wales making a joke about my great height, the Princess said to her brothers, but so that I should hear it: "It is very nice to be tall; papa would like us all to be tall." Whenever she in the least suspected that anybody's feelings had been hurt, she always tried to make things smooth again (p. 7).

Her affection for her parents and her home was of no ordinary kind, but this is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered how exceptionally good those parents were, and how unusually happy that home was. In the midst of the English Court there grew up a family life, which in some respects might serve as an example to every home in the land. The royal parents kept themselves informed of every minutest detail of what was being done for their children in the way of training and instruction, in order that they might receive the best education to fit them for the position they would eventually have

<sup>1</sup> Life and Letters of the Princess Alice. London: Murray, Albemarle Street, 1884.

to fill. "I ever look back," Princess Alice writes, "to my child-hood and girlhood as the happiest time of my life," and although when removed to another sphere she threw herself heartily into the interests of her adopted country, and devoted herself to make a bright and comfortable home for her husband to whom she was fondly attached, the bond which united her to "the dear ones in the dear old home" remained to the last as strong as ever. Most tender was the sympathy she showed for her mother in her life-long grief and many trials. On January 1, 1865, she writes:

. . . I was thinking so much of you and of home when your letter came in. Dearest mamma, I can feel so much with and for you during these days. I was all day on the verge of tears, for the very word Neujahr brought papa and grandmamma, and all at Windsor as in former days so vividly before me, it made my heart ache! That bright happy past, particularly those last years when I was the eldest at home, and had the privilege of being so much with you both, my own dearly-loved parents, is a remembrance deeply graven, and with letters of gold, on my heart. All the morning I was telling Louis how it used to be at home, and how we all assembled outside your dressing-room door to scream in chorus Prosit Neujahr! and to give to you and papa our drawings, writings, &c., the busy occupation of previous weeks. . . Those were happy days, and the very remembrance of them must bring a gleam of sunshine even to you, dear mamma (p. 83).

Her affection for her "adored papa" almost reminds us of Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory that the early deities were but parents or ancestors idealized. Again and again passages such as this occur in her letters:

The older I grow, the more perfect, the more touching and good, dear papa's image stands before me. . . . I can never talk of him to others who have not known him without tears in my eyes—as I have them now. He was and is my ideal. I never knew a man fit to place beside him, or so made to be devotedly loved and admired (p. 330).

Nor must we omit to mention the tribute she ever and anon pays to the admirable qualities of her "precious mamma," qualities which have won for the Queen the attachment not only of the members of her own family, but of the whole English nation. "It is never dull, darling mamma, when one can be with you, for I have indeed never met a more agreeable, charming companion. Time always flies by, when I am with you."

Better than any tribute of words to the excellence of her

parents is the manner in which Princess Alice followed out in after-life the principles and training of her youth. With regard to her duties as a mother she was most judicious and unsparing of self. "I bring up my children," she writes, "as simply and with as few wants as I can... Victoria's lessons are her delight, English history and reading she has learnt from me." And again: "I want to make them unselfish, unspoiled, contented. . . . Having them much with me, watching and guiding their education, which through our regular life is possible, I am able to know and understand their different characters. . . . How all-important it is for Princes and Princesses to know they are nothing better or above others save through their own merit, and that they have only the double duty of living for others and of being an example-good and modest." The example she set of industry might well serve as a lesson to women in a far less exalted station. Occupation, we are told, was a necessity to her, she could not understand how anyone could be idle; she was an excellent musician, as well as no mean proficient in painting, both in oils and water-colours. When at home, she had always some needlework at hand. At one time she writes: "I made all the summer walking-dresses, seven in number, for the girls. I manage all the nursery accounts and everything myself, which gives me plenty to do."

The idea of the trials of poverty being among those which enter into the lot of a Princess is hardly familiar to us. Yet so it was with her; the building of a new palace greatly crippled their resources, never very ample, and we find her saying: "We must live very economically for the next year;" and in another place she mentions "going about as private people because of the expense." The glimpses behind the scenes afforded by these letters show how it was that the Princess Alice endeared herself to all. She took the deepest interest in all around her, even to the last of her servants; many a time she visited the hospitals, or served the poor in their own houses, going incognito to those whose poverty and sickness called for aid, and setting by the bedside of the dying. She was also foremost in support of institutions for the benefit of the people, and herself initiated useful enterprizes for the well-being of the country. Nor was her own intellectual life neglected. "I read a great deal," she says, "chiefly history and deeper The society of eminent men, either artists, scholars, works." or scientists was a source of real enjoyment to her; and in

intercourse with them she could not help coming into contact with many deep and serious questions, and at one time allowed herself to be led away by the free-thinking philosophical views of others, especially those of Strauss, who visited her very often, their conversations lasting sometimes for hours. Although traces of confidence in God, and submission to His will, and appreciation of the value of practical religion are found throughout her letters, she is known to have wavered in her convictions, and to have openly expressed her doubts as to the existence of a God.

The death, under peculiarly painful circumstances, of her younger boy, a favourite child, seems completely to have put an end to her scepticism, and taught her that the edifice of philosophic conclusions she had built up had no foundation whatever. After the loss of her darling "Frittie" we frequently find in her letters passages such as these: "When trials come, what alone save faith and hope in a blessed future can save us?" "Everyone has his trouble to bear, and must bear it alone with trust and resignation, that is what I struggle and pray for." "Life is but a pilgrimage, a little more or a little less sorrow falls to one's lot . . . so uncertain is its duration that all minor troubles are forgotten and easily borne when one thinks what one must live for." The tinge of melancholy which habitually pervaded her mind may, we think, be attributed in a great measure to the terrible shock her father's death was to her, coming upon her, as it did, at so early an age, and entailing on her so much care and anxiety on behalf of her beloved mother. At any rate, the Princess Alice did not belong to the number of those who can be satisfied with the things of this world; and when at last she fell a victim to the unflinching performance of her duties as a wife and a mother, it was but a fitting end to a life so devoted and unselfish as hers.

#### 8.—LAND NATIONALIZATION.1

There are two chapters in Mr. Wallace's book which we, cordially recommend to the notice of our readers. They are the chapters in which, chiefly in the words of eye-witnesses of unimpeachable integrity, the author recounts the oft-told tale of wholesale evictions and clearances in Ireland and Scotland.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Land Nationalization, By Alfred Russel Wallace, London: Kegan Paul and Co,

This is a sad story which, if we would form sound views on burning questions of the day, it is hardly possible to keep too constantly in mind. No academic speculations or agricultural theories about the advantages or disadvantages of a peasant proprietary, or as to the superior recommendations or comparative profits of large or small farming, can affect the unchangeable principles of right and justice, or can palliate the exercise of cruelty and oppression of the poor; and it is Mr. Wallace's merit that he has collected a body of testimony which brings out with peculiar force the injustice and the cruelty which has too often, though by no means always, disgraced the system against which he so earnestly protests. The worst evils of that system are, it may be hoped, as far as Ireland is concerned, definitively a matter of past history; but history is not blotted out in a day, and those who are weary of hearing ever "the same old song" may gather patience from reflecting on the more awful monotony of suffering endured by the subjects of the tedious refrain. The memory of past injustice, rankling in the hearts of the heirs of its victims, is a factor in the political problem with which England will yet have to reckon; nor is it to be supposed that these memories will fade away so long as survivals of the old Protestant ascendency, as unnecessary as they are unmistakeable, are allowed to maintain their unhallowed existence. It is not necessary to do more than refer to the anomaly of a magistracy four-fifths Protestant in a country four-fifths Catholic (Protestants being therefore over-represented in the ratio of sixteen to one); or to the absurdly disproportionate endowment, in the same Catholic country, of non-Catholic higher education.

We cannot, however, entirely agree with the terms of Mr. Wallace's argument against unlimited landlord rights. The grievance of which he complains is a grievance, not because it is an interference with that very undefinable abstraction called "personal liberty," but because it too often involves the uncompensated appropriation by one man of the fruits of others' industry, and still more because it is palpably contrary to the best interests of the community. Salus populi suprema lex. And with this law—supreme in legislation though not, formally speaking, in morality—the existence of absolute and unrestricted private dominion in regard of land is in flagrant contradiction. We in England may afford to put up with the fact that a few hundred landowners could, at comparatively short notice, drive

most of us into the cities or into the sea—because, as Mr. Mallock has pointed out, we have excellent grounds for believing that they will not attempt anything of the sort. Should they begin, however, to exercise their power, it would not be long before we should recognize that there was here a case for Government interference.

Our commendation of Mr. Wallace's book, however, stops short with the chapters to which reference has been made. There is indeed in the remainder of the volume much that will repay perusal and that invites attention; but with the author's main proposal we find ourselves at issue. Whatever sympathy we might under other circumstances be disposed to feel towards Mr. Wallace's suggestion of a national purchase of the entire freehold of the country, in connection with a system of perpetual leases to occupying cultivators, is overborne by our conviction of its impracticability as applied to England. We do not think that Mr. Wallace has met Mr. Fawcett's palmary argumentthat it must under all circumstances be economically disastrous to borrow at 31/4 per cent, a vast sum of money which, if invested in the equitable purchase of land, would not produce an income of more than 23/4 per cent. Moreover, the author's principle that every English-born citizen has an inchoate right to a free choice of a plot of English soil on which (after paying its due price) he may settle, and that it is the business of Government to secure to him the realization of this right, appears to us to be not only without ethical foundation, but also economically chimerical and self-contradictory in its logical consequences. And no greater dis-service perhaps can at present be done to the discontented classes than to hold up before their ambition delusive and irrational ideals.

We must not, however, dismiss Mr. Wallace without reminding the reader that though the author of Land Nationalization is a friend of Mr. Henry George, from whom he quotes extensively, his suggestion that the nation should compulsorily buy up the freehold of the soil of England stands poles asunder from Mr. George's proposal for a universal confiscation of rent. The two schemes of "Nationalization" can be classed together only in the same way as robbery and purchase may both be included under the head of "transfer of property," or as a political murder and the carting away of a heap of rubbish might both be described by the term "removal."

#### 9.—ALLOCUTIONS ON LITURGICAL OBSERVANCES.1

This handy volume is likely to prove a great boon to hardworked priests who have not time to master the larger works of Dom Guéranger, Benedict the Fourteenth, and other great liturgical writers. Within the compass of 272 pages of moderate size and good print we have specimen addresses for all Sundays and greater feasts, and also short explanations to be given at the administration of the sacraments. These "five-minute sermons," as the Americans call them, are written with great unction, and evidence a careful study of the Holy Scriptures. especially of the Epistles of St. Paul, and of the Fathers of the Church. They are perhaps more valuable by what they suggest than by what they actually express, as very little time and trouble will be necessary in expanding them to the length required for a regular sermon. We have noticed that other critics have not drawn attention to the appendices (pp. 272-324). We are inclined to regard them as almost the more valuable portion of the book. They give admirable hints for that most necessary work, parochial organization. The subjects treated are the Christian Doctrine Confraternity, Mass-serving Sodality, Lending Library, Purgatorian Society, Sodality of the Living Rosary, Ladies' Association of Charity-how many Catholic ladies have never even heard of this admirable work !- Temperance and Mutual Benefit Society, and Society of St. Vincent de Paul. We would suggest to the author the advisability of giving a fuller account of the last-mentioned Society in subsequent editions of his work. Gross ignorance of this and many other means of doing good to the poor is one principal obstacle at present to Catholic progress. We cordially recommend this little work to all our readers, clerical and lay. The latter will find it very useful for Sunday family reading. Our best thanks and congratulations are due to Father M'Namara for having added one more to the many solid proofs already given of his devoted love and zeal for the interests of the Church.

<sup>1</sup> Allocutions on Liturgical Observances. Dublin: Browne and Nolan.

### Literary Record.

#### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

We feel it to be our duty to call the attention of the readers of THE MONTH to a work of considerable literary importance on the training and education of priests,1 which has recently Although this book owes its origin in the first instance to the Prussian May Laws, yet the subject, one of great interest to the Catholic world, is treated in a manner quite independent of them, and its value will be undiminished when the disastrous effects of those tyrannical decrees are no longer felt in Germany. The principles which have ever guided the Church in the education of her clergy, and the way in which these principles have been applied and adapted to the varying circumstances of time and place, are discussed at some length. The large amount of historical information contained in the space of a few pages is really astonishing, and shows much breadth of view and wide acquaintance with the subject on the part of the author. Many details hitherto little known respecting university life in the middle ages, will possess special interest for English readers, and we may venture to say that no one will lay down this little book without having learnt much from its perusal. We are informed on good authority that a French translation will shortly be published.

The new edition of Mary Tudor<sup>2</sup> is preceded by a short memoir of the illustrious author. He was contemporary at Harrow with Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel, but wrote little himself until after his thirtieth year. In the opinion of Wordsworth the sonnets of Sir Aubrey de Vere were the most perfect of our age. Mary Tudor was his greatest work. It was composed, as the Introduction tells us, "in intervals of severe illness," and "is not likely to be biassed in her favour, for the author was an Anglican." It traces the sad life of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Die Bildung und Erziehung der Geistlichen nach Katholischen Grundsätzen und nach den Mai-gesetzen. Von Irenzeus Themistor. Köln, 1884.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Mary Tudor: An Historical Drama in two parts. By the late Sir Aubrey de Vere.

the Tudor Queen through all its vicissitudes and depicts in pathetic language the death of Lady Jane Grey with Mary's subsequent repentance for the act. The impression left by the poem is that Mary possessed the despotic will of the Tudors but was capable of deep devotion to her friends and to her cause.

Miss Donnelly has reproduced the idea conceived by the Oratorian Fathers of a series of Miniature Lives of the Saints, one for every day in the year. She adds each day a few lines of appropriate poetry and a practice in honour of the saints. She calls the book *Our Birthday Bouquet*.<sup>3</sup> It is elegantly got up, and is very suitable for a school prize or birthday present.

We noticed in our last issue a little book of meditations for children on the Life of our Lord, entitled, From the Crib to the Cross. The same idea is worked out by Mrs. Ram, in The Most Beautiful of the Children of Men,<sup>4</sup> though in a different way. The one book was strictly a series of Meditations, whereas the other is rather a series of Contemplations (or, as Cardinal Manning calls them in the preface, Descriptive Meditations), and enlists the imagination to a far greater extent. The one helps the child in thinking out the lesson to be learnt, the other draws the picture and the scene, and leaves them to work their practical effect. Each system has its advantages according to character and disposition. Mrs. Ram pictures the various scenes of our Lord's life brightly, simply, and touchingly, and gives them a sort of present reality which adds to their usefulness and interest.

Mr. O'Byrne's tale of Irish heroism and suffering<sup>5</sup> will be a very popular book with a large class of readers. Its stirring scenes of adventure and peril are laid in an eventful time of Irish history. Somehow or other the whole of Irish history is eventful. There is no lack of material for historical romance in her chequered history. But the first condition of success is that the history of any given period selected for treatment should be thoroughly mastered. When, for example, we find such an annus mirabilis as that of 1797-8 of the present novel, in which the Bastile is supposed to be still intact (p. 11), the great Duke of

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Our Birthday Bouquet. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York: Benziger Brothers.

<sup>4</sup> The Most Beautiful among the Children of Men. Meditations on the Life of our Lord. By Mrs. Abel Ram. With a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Washbourne, 1884.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Ill-won Peerages; or, An Unhallowed Union. By M. L. O'Byrne. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

Wellington, at that date just thirty years of age, and, if we mistake not, a hard-fighting colonel in India, is introduced in a Dublin drawing-room as a boy not yet beyond the toy age (pp. 44-6), and Tom Moore sings "Let Erin remember" (p. 50), the date of the appearance of the first number of the melodies being 1807, Mr. O'Byrne goes a little beyond the indulgence very rightly conceded to writers of fiction in matters of historical accuracy.

Messrs. Benziger have lately published a new Life of St. Teresa,<sup>6</sup> translated from the French of the Abbé Marie Joseph. It differs from ordinary lives in that the actual life is condensed into some 90 pages, and that nearly half the book is devoted to a series of chapters on the special characteristics of her sanctity, to the wonders which have taken place in connection with her heart since her death, and to her influence in preserving religion in France. The style is simple and interesting, and the book is handsomely got up.

#### II.—MAGAZINES.

Although the proposal to bring again into force the law which formerly ensured religious liberty to a denominational minority in Prussia, was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies, yet the discussion of the subject to which it gave rise will not have been without use, as making known the inequality of the treatment respectively extended to Catholics and Protestants. The Stimmen aus Maria-Laach, in a retrospective glance at the ecclesiastical legislation of all the countries belonging to the German Empire, shows that wherever Protestants formed a minority under a Catholic ruler, constitutional guarantees were demanded and given, assuring to them the free exercise of their religion in regard to churches, schools, residences of the clergy and institutions. In Prussia, where so lately as the end of the last century Protestants formed the minority, it was expressly decreed that no religious questions were to be decided by a majority of votes. When the Elector of Saxony, Frederick Augustus the First, became a Catholic, the Protestants, not content with a ratification of their rights, extorted a solemn promise that they should never be infringed. The Austrian

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Popular Life of St. Teresa of Jesus. Translated from the French by Annie Porter. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

Concordat shows how differently is the way Austria acted towards its few Protestant subjects to the treatment Prussia gives her numerous Catholic subjects. Amidst the prevailing furor legislativus a constitutional guarantee for the rights and independence of the Church, claimed by nine millions of Catholics, is constantly denied. And when their voice can no longer be stifled, tardy and forced concessions will not remove the disaffection and discontent bred by years of oppression. Father Dressel, in his concluding article in answer to the objections brought against scholastic philosophy, clearly defines the distinction between natural science and philosophy, and the mutual relations in which they stand to one another, and shows that the two, far from being hostile, are serviceable and beneficial to each other. In addition to the two pamphlets already published on the labour question, noticed in the Stimmen for February, another has now appeared, which calls for some further remarks from the pen of Father Lehmkuhl. Workmen's associations and trades unions under State regulation are proposed as a remedy for existing evils, but Father Lehmkuhl states that no good can be effected while the interests of a single class are studied, nor while an un-Christian State debars the Christian Church from exercising her influence and exerting her power to restrain and raise the people.

The Katholik, in continuation of the subject of ecclesiastical discipline in regard to penance, treats of imprisonment. Of this, as a canonical penance, no mention is made during the first seven centuries. Under the ancient Roman code, a prison was a place of detention for criminals under examination, not of punishment for those already sentenced. The Church used it as a substitute for capital punishment, for it was the privilege of ecclesiastical dignitaries to intercede for Christian culprits, and obtain the mitigation, if not the remission of the penalties imposed on them, these being replaced by public penance, a voluntary instead of compulsory punishment, corrective as well as expiative. At the time of Theodosius the Great there was a strict rule made that the Church, and not the secular power, should judge ecclesiastical causes, and the penalties she imposed ranged from simple admonition to expulsion from the community of the faithful. The Katholik also devotes an article to the History of German Catholic Hymns, which has just been completed. The labour of many years has been devoted to the compilation of this work, which possesses much historical

as well as musical value; and all who are familiar with the beautiful *chorales* will be interested in learning the period and cause of their adoption into Catholic services, to the partial abolition of the Gregorian chant. A large part of these melodies were originally profane, a fact tending to prove that sacred music does not differ intrinsically from secular music, the difference consisting mainly, if not entirely, in association. There is also a brief notice of Fathers Theodore and Alphonse Ratisbonne, whose remarkable conversion from Judaism, and the prominent position they subsequently occupied as founders of a Religious Order, have made their names familiar to every Catholic. Both brothers died this year; the elder in Paris, the 10th of January, the younger on the 6th of May in Jerusalem, where his sphere of action lay. A biography of these illustrious men will doubtless shortly be published.

The various systems for the amelioration and emancipation of the lower orders all prove fallacious and inefficient, from ignorance of the source whence come the evils which afflict them. Many a diagnosis is made of the malady affecting so large a portion of the human family, and many are the opinions as to its cause and its remedy. The Civiltà Cattolica, looking below the surface, ascribes it to the spread of Freemasonry which, under the name of the Society of Mutual Help, has in Italy at least, gained multitudes, who would otherwise have resisted its fatal influence. It has spread atheism, corrupted the public taste, vitiated the sources of popular amusement and instruction, taken away the hope of Heaven and the fear of Hell. What then remains but crime and despair as the future of the people? On the other hand, the Civiltà declares the reception met with by the recent Encyclical, even in Protestant States, to be most encouraging. It has opened the eyes of many to the fact that, whatever the name they assume or the language they speak, all revolutionists and socialists form part of a universal and formidable army, unscrupulous alike as to the object at which it aims, and the means whereby it adopts to attain that object. The magisterial power of the Church forms the subject of another article.

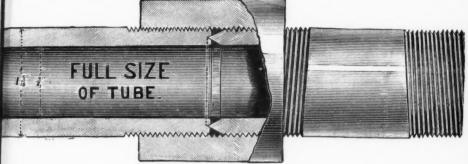




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